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THE ATTACK ON THE UNION.

THE last three nights of the debate on the introduction of the Separation Bill and the great meeting at Her Majesty's Theatre set before the public the case for and against Mr. GLADSTONE's measure in a fulness and variety of light which has very seldom fallen upon any scheme of legislation. If comparison of the kind were not somewhat idle, it would be no uninteresting question which of the five remarkable speeches delivered against the Bill on Friday, Monday, and Tuesday deserves the palm, and we should be, on the whole, inclined to award it to Lord HARTINGTON. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's damaging and forcible onslaught was as little as possible hindered by the PRIME MINISTER's extremely characteristic manoeuvre of withdrawing at the last moment the permission to explain which he had given, but such a trick could not be without some effect. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL and Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH did yeoman's service; but it was part of their order of battle to leave oratorical display chiefly to the Liberal opponents of the measure. Mr. GOSCHEN's address—a masterpiece of gravity and logic—fell short, if it fell short at all, of Lord HARTINGTON's only in a certain personal and dramatic interest, arising from the evident reluctance with which Mr. GLADSTONE's former right-hand man, who had borne the brunt of battle when Mr. GLADSTONE sulked in his tent, announced his inability to follow his chief. But it may be questioned whether the friends of Separation were not in their speeches the best friends to the Union. Mr. JOHN MORLEY, Sir CHARLES RUSSELL, and Sir WILLIAM HARcourt would have been overmatched almost at any time, and almost in any cause, against such antagonists, even with a second speech from Mr. GLADSTONE to help them. But when Mr. MORLEY degraded the tone of the debate, and at the same time hopelessly blunted the point of his leader's subsequent joke as to the supposed "double 'dose of original sin" in Irishmen by bringing forward for the Bill absolutely no argument save that a hideous flood of crime would follow in Ireland if it were not passed, the argumentative prospects of the measure must have begun to look bad in impartial eyes. They can hardly have improved under Sir CHARLES RUSSELL's experienced professional advocacy, where the only note of other than professional conviction was a note of loyalty, not to England, not to the QUEEN of England, but to Irish ideas. They must have become almost hopeless when Sir WILLIAM HARcourt, the one fighting debater other than Mr. GLADSTONE of the cause, was seen to decline all argument in its favour, and to be playing merely an ingeniously composed part of BOMBASTES GRACIOSO, in which the Gracioso, or, as English impolitely translates it, the clown, considerably overpowered even the Bombastes. The solemn futility of Mr. WHITBREAD may have secured the support of a few other solemn futilities, but while it did something to destroy a reputation, it hardly did much to carry the Bill. It was reserved for Mr. GLADSTONE himself to deal the last stroke by his promises or hints of amendment on Tuesday. If such points as Irish presence or absence at Westminster and as the control of the Customs are not "vital," not "essential"; if a scheme which has already split a Cabinet in two has been so hastily and provisionally constructed that it can be altered to suit the tastes of any promising or possible majority—what confidence can any intelligent man have in it? It proclaims itself at once a scheme made to

pass, not to work; to catch votes, not to benefit the country. It loses such faint presumption of careful study and deliberate conviction as it may have had. Even the flurried fanatics who one day declare that it cannot pass, and the next that it must, find their only criterion of belief and support abolished. They held that what Mr. GLADSTONE thinks necessary must be necessary, and lo! Mr. GLADSTONE announces that the most principal and cardinal points of the scheme are not necessary at all.

Sir WILLIAM HARcourt, it seems, objects to "patriotic" meetings in an Opera-house." It might be retorted, in his own vein, that patriotic meetings in Her Majesty's Theatre are considerably more appropriate than unpatriotic meetings in the houses of HER MAJESTY's Ministers—of which Sir WILLIAM has lately been present at a good many. But the assembly of Wednesday ought not to be defended with lath swords such as those which the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER wields, easy as it is to disarm him at his own weapon. Admiration may be fairly divided between the frank assertion of their own political opinions which the Liberal speakers made and the good taste with which their Tory companions abstained both from flattery and from insult. It is a very pleasing imagination to fancy Mr. GLADSTONE in Lord SALISBURY's place, and to compose the speech which he would have delivered. Here, again, as in such a strange conjunction of circumstances was just, the most prominent parts were left to Liberal speakers; and on this occasion we must place Mr. GOSCHEN's speech first of the whole. Every one has recognized in him an exceptionally sound judgment, a grasp of detail which is not always found compatible with the bluntness frequently characterizing judgments eminently sound, an unflinching adherence to principle. But it has been complained of Mr. GOSCHEN that he is to some extent pigeon-livered, that his blood flows a little too soberly through his veins, that he shows himself but faintly sensible of the joy of battle, that he lacks spirit, fire, and dash. Posterity would hardly understand these charges if Mr. GOSCHEN's speech of Wednesday survived alone of his oratorical efforts. Speakers far more given to the loftier style have never surpassed Mr. GOSCHEN's image of the transference of the bandage from the eyes of Justice to those of her worshippers, and of its maintenance till it is torn off by Expediency and Fear. No answer to the base threats of Irish violence in which the IRISH SECRETARY and others have indulged could be better than Mr. GOSCHEN's "If it be so we shall make our wills and do 'our duty.' We profess no extraordinary affection for eloquence of the fiery order. But there are times for it, and when it is needed it should be of this kind—the white heat, not the red, the anthracite glow and not the blazing faggots. Mr. GOSCHEN's speech expressed exactly the temper in which Englishmen should meet proposals of treason to the English Empire, and that is what Mr. GLADSTONE's proposals are.

It only remains to spread this temper as widely as possible, and there is good hope of doing so. It would be unwise to attach an extraordinary importance to the result of the Ipswich election; but a change equivalent to four votes on a division is not a small one, and it must be remembered not only that the Liberals of Ipswich strained every nerve to represent the Home Rule question as not that directly at issue, not only that the Liberal candidates were far the stronger in local and other influence, but that it is a very rare thing indeed for the side which has been defeated on petition to lose the seat afterwards, corrupt and chivalrous motives

combining to make this improbable. If Lord JOHN HERVEY and the SOLICITOR-GENERAL could not get in at Ipswich, it must have been Home Rule and Home Rule only that stood in their way. But the mischievous knots of wire-pullers and caucus-mongers who call themselves Liberal and Radical Associations are in not a few places passing resolutions of confidence in Mr. GLADSTONE—who has so little confidence in himself that he cannot keep his plan whole from Thursday to Tuesday—the “Labour” Radicals are raising the cry of democracy against aristocracy, and nearly all the forces of ignorance, prejudice, class-hatred, and dishonest political engineering are being set at work. The plea of justice, which never occurred to Mr. GLADSTONE’s mind till eighty-six members came to back it; the plea of necessity, which, it seems, is the coward’s as well as the tyrant’s plea, will no doubt be urged during the vacation, and will be supplemented by the plea that nothing is “vital,” nothing “essential,” nothing “principal,” that everything can be changed, and made agreeable, and adjusted. Against such arguments the speeches of the defenders of the Empire in Parliament are good popular preservatives, but those at the meeting of Wednesday still better. The Loyal and Patriotic Union did well to call that meeting; it will do better if it prints and disseminates as widely as possible Lord SALISBURY’s explanation of the exultation of England’s enemies, Lord HARTINGTON’s demonstration of the certain disaster to England and Ireland which the Bill would bring about, and Mr. GOSCHEN’s exposure of the infamous poltroonery which bids us destroy the Empire because those who clamour for its destruction are murderers and fire-raisers, who will return to murder and fire-raising if we do not grant their wishes.

CONSTITUTION-MONGERING.

THE demerits of Mr. GLADSTONE’s scheme are not confined to its absurd and impracticable provisions. The proposal by a Minister of a new Constitution of his own devising is in itself an intolerable usurpation. The English tradition of historical continuity has never before been so wantonly disregarded. Even when the throne was vacant by the flight and deposition of JAMES II., the statesmen who conducted the Revolution of 1688 were careful to allege constitutional authority for all their proceedings, and to give their demands the form of a reassertion of ancient liberties. Even the short-lived institutions of the Commonwealth and the Protectorate were closely copied from the forms of the ancient monarchy. CROMWELL himself would have been well content with the ancient royal prerogatives if he could have secured the hearty co-operation of the two Houses of Parliament. The Union with Scotland was effected by an Act which simply confirmed a compact between the two nations as the result of a long negotiation. The Irish Union, though it may have been facilitated by questionable methods, was also sanctioned after long discussion by the Parliaments of both countries. Notwithstanding Mr. GLADSTONE’s opportune discovery that there are no fundamental laws, the national reverence for precedent is illustrated by the innumerable legal forms which have to the present day survived fundamental changes in the spirit and practice of the Constitution. Mr. GLADSTONE, with curious inconsistency, proposes, while he takes a new departure, to provide for the perpetuity or long duration of his newfangled project. When he calls the Home Rule Bill the *Magna Charta* of Ireland, he forgets that, like all the similar grants of the PLANTAGENET Kings, *Magna Charta* was a solemn acknowledgment of rights believed to be immemorial. The very Irish members who applaud a pliable Minister will scarcely contend that he is restoring a constitutional fabric which has at any time existed.

After a revolution, or when a new State comes into existence, it is necessary to provide for its organization, though the attempt has been rarely successful; but the United Kingdom was not dissolved when Mr. GLADSTONE suddenly determined to provide, not for its reconstruction, but for its final dismemberment. Siéyès became first famous and afterwards ridiculous by the ingenious Constitutions which he devised for France; but his interference was neither so officious nor so ill-timed as Mr. GLADSTONE’s. The Revolution had already swept away all the laws and customs which were associated with the Monarchy, and it was necessary to provide a substitute. In all Siéyès’s systems of checks and balances there was no contrivance so absurd as Mr. GLADSTONE’s Irish Parliament

of two orders sitting alternately in one or in two Assemblies. The latest and most elaborate experiment of the French sophist was the Government of three Consuls and two Assemblies, which, as soon as it was set in motion, resolved itself into a military despotism. Mr. GLADSTONE’s project would not improbably result in the permanent establishment of martial law. If he is not a conscious imitator of the celebrated French pedant, he may, perhaps, have taken for his model one of the legendary reformers who were supposed to have founded the institutions of Greek cities or of Rome; but it was assumed that LYCURGUS and SOLON and NUMA had both a national commission and a divine authority for their legislation. The codes which bore their names were, in fact, compilations of the customs of their respective communities. It may be added that no inspired legislator at any time proposed to alienate any part of the territory of his commonwealth. Mr. GLADSTONE has received no mandate to alter the organic laws of the United Kingdom, or to propose one day to deprive five millions of the QUEEN’s subjects of their share in Imperial representation, and, after debate, to intimate that the admission of Irish members to the Imperial Parliament is an open question. The majority of the Irish members have their own reasons for assenting to a disqualification on which a grievance and a claim for compensation will afterwards be founded; but they have not a shadow of right to renounce on behalf of the rest of their countrymen an unalienable privilege. The further anomaly of withholding representation from certain classes of taxpayers was imposed on Mr. GLADSTONE by accommodating colleagues who wished to show that there were limits to their otherwise inexhaustible complaisance; but the author of this Bill is responsible not only for his own original proposal, but for the modifications which were rendered necessary by his conduct of the measure. There are good reasons for securing to the English Government the control of the Customs; but there is no excuse for the perverse policy which rendered the exception necessary or expedient.

The guilt of the enterprise, as measured by the mischief which it must produce, is incalculably aggravated by the exceptional position of the sole undertaker. The oratorical exploit of the opening statement was undoubtedly in the circumstances surprising, but the speech supplied no plausible explanation of the reasons for dissolving the Union, and it involved from first to last the false assumption that Irish opinion was exclusively and inadequately represented by Mr. PARNELL and his followers. It is scarcely possible that Mr. GLADSTONE can have overlooked or disbelieved the warnings which he has received of the oppression to which the loyal and peaceable part of the population will be exposed when the whole administration is in the hands of those who now govern the country through the Land League. No attempt was made to answer an objection which, to many persons, seems conclusive. Although it seems proper that the defects of Mr. GLADSTONE’s reasoning should be pointed out, there is no doubt of the eloquence which he displayed. If he were not a great orator, his misuse of a rare gift would be less culpable. Still greater responsibility is incurred by the extraordinary influence which he has acquired both in the House and in the country. No other party leader, even if he were equally unscrupulous, could have even commanded a hearing for a proposal of Home Rule. Mr. GLADSTONE’s qualities and defects contribute almost equally to his dangerous popularity. The multitude values impulsive sentiment, though it is a grave fault in a statesman, far more highly than calm and deliberate judgment. Great abilities, vast political experience, and passionate belief in the rapidly-shifting convictions of the moment have all assisted to produce the common delusion that Mr. GLADSTONE is as trustworthy as he is brilliant. Large numbers of the community trust him, not because he is wiser than themselves, but in the well-founded belief that he is not less passionate and impulsive. As Professor HUXLEY says, the electorate “falls a ready prey to every copious fallacy-monger who “appeals to its great heart instead of reminding it of its “weak head.” In Mr. GLADSTONE’s case the populace also overlooks the invariable coincidence of his enthusiasm with the interests of his personal ambition.

It was perhaps through ignorance or forgetfulness, rather than with a deliberate effort to mislead, that Mr. GLADSTONE cited in support of his revolutionary proposal the Dual Government of Austria and Hungary. Count BEUST, who was the author of the precarious arrangement by which the Kingdom is connected with the Western Empire, has lately expressed in weighty language his disapproval of any con-

cession of Home Rule to Ireland. His own great achievement was the union, in the face of enormous difficulties, though only by the link of a common allegiance, of two great and independent States. In the representative Monarchy of Hungary, as it was constituted many centuries ago, the king could only exercise his functions after he had sworn at his coronation to respect the chartered liberties of the nation. The revolution and civil war of 1848 interrupted the legal continuity of the government, and for nearly twenty years King FRANCIS JOSEPH deferred his coronation; while the Hungarians, after their defeat by his Russian allies, only submitted to superior force. When the KING, after the French war of 1859, affected to grant a representative Constitution to all his dominions, the Hungarians steadily refused to return members to an unconstitutional Assembly. It was only after the further misfortunes of 1866 that the KING, under the advice of his Minister, Count BEUST, unequivocally acknowledged the justice of the Hungarian demands, and took the oaths which enabled him at last to undergo the ceremony of coronation at Pesth. The restoration of the ancient Constitution has nothing in common with Mr. GLADSTONE's attempt to mutilate the kingdom which it was his primary duty to maintain. A further study of the same historical episode would furnish him with instructive illustrations of the relations between constitutional States and malcontent provinces. Ill-advised attempts of Austrian Ministers to detach Croatia from Hungary were again and again thwarted by the firmness and loyalty of the Hungarians.

Mr. GLADSTONE's arbitrary temper has induced him to bring forward his revolutionary proposal in a singularly offensive form. If there are, as he contends, no limits to the constitutional authority of Parliament, fundamental changes of law ought at least to be preceded by full deliberation and by explicit appeals to public opinion. The dismemberment of the kingdom might well deserve fuller consideration than any ordinary measure; but Mr. GLADSTONE has ostentatiously reminded the country on successive occasions that no one but himself was in the secret of his policy. Some time after the election he published a mysterious intimation that he was inclining to Home Rule, and when he formed his Government he scarcely gave any additional information to his colleagues. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. TREVELYAN held office for some weeks in uncertainty whether they would be able to support Mr. GLADSTONE's Bill, and even on the eve of his statement in the House of Commons none but the members of the Cabinet knew whether his proposals would be as treasonable as they have proved. It was apparently Mr. GLADSTONE's object to magnify his own importance and to display his contempt for constitutional scruples. The further hope that the House and the country would be surprised into acquiescence seems to have been disappointed; but large sections of the population are still wavering, or waiting to join the winning side.

BULGARIA AND GREECE.

PRINCE ALEXANDER of Bulgaria has desisted (under protest) from the attempt to make the Powers alter the Treaty of Berlin in his favour, and Greece has ordered more torpedoes. This is the latest intelligence on the Eastern question, and it is very significant intelligence when it is remembered what the recent history of the question has been. That history may be summed up shortly in the phrase that the Bulgarians, after rather dubious action in the beginning, fought bravely against invaders, and that Greece has been ordering torpedoes all along. Of late public attention in England has been diverted from these obscure and lingering proceedings in the East to Mr. GLADSTONE's attempt at the destruction of the British Empire, and it might be argued that this is not wholly unfortunate. For the most mischievous of our own pseudo-politicians—the men who would argue, and have argued, that Prince ALEXANDER ought to be allowed to tear up the Treaty of Berlin, and that Greece ought not only to be allowed, but to be encouraged, to threaten and blackmail—have been too busy to devote much attention to the East, either in or out of Parliament. Even the complicated evolutions of the *Daily News* have of late been chiefly devoted to the Home Rule subject; and the experience, learning, and wisdom of members of Parliament

like Mr. ARCH and Mr. LEICESTER have had no leisure to employ themselves on any other subject.

The Bulgarian settlement is, on the whole, a satisfactory one. It is comparatively immaterial whether its final form was or was not nominally insisted on by Russia; for it is notorious that the settlement itself is a cause of much chagrin to the Czar's Government, and is likely to prove a considerable stumbling-block to that Government in the carrying out of future designs on the peninsula. The appointment of Prince ALEXANDER as life governor instead of governor for a term in Eastern Roumelia would make comparatively little difference in reality; but the form adopted has the advantage of keeping up that relation with the Porte which is desirable, and the still greater advantage of not setting at nought the dispositions of the Treaty of Berlin. The great fault, or at least one of the great faults, of the successive tinkерings with the Eastern question which the last thirty years have seen is the neglect to secure continuity in them, the constant endeavour to make a fresh plan instead of adjusting the old. It is this which has given so much encouragement to the designs of her vassals and neighbours on the Porte, and which has created an idea that all arrangements are merely temporary and provisional. If the proposed Bulgarian settlement is carried out, Prince ALEXANDER's subjects both north and south of the Balkans will be entirely protected from the supposed disadvantages of Turkish rule, while their governor will have every opportunity to show what he can do in the way of educating them in other than military discipline. They have, unless their stupidity has been less unjustly treated in general opinion than their soldierly aptitude, learnt a lesson about the intentions and dispositions of Russia which they should not soon forget; and they are in case to make themselves entirely independent of the aid without which they have already shown themselves able to get on. The fortunate course of events due to King MILAN's petulance and mismanagement, to the extremely lucky circumstance that Mr. GLADSTONE was not in power at the critical time, to the rather curious blundering of Russia, and to the judicious docility of the Porte, has made possible a settlement which may set the example of an entirely new method of dealing with the Eastern question. And it is fair to the Bulgarians, in whose favour we shall not be suspected of prejudice, to say that, whatever the original justice of their quarrel, they have shown themselves, both in the person of their PRINCE and in their obedience to his leading, possessed of the two great requisites of national prosperity—prudence in the council-chamber and valour in the field. It can only be hoped that this fair and rather surprising prospect will not be clouded by the results of any foolish listening to the more foolish advice of English Turcophobes, or to the treacherous and interested suggestions of Russian agitators.

It is impossible to imagine a greater contrast than the conduct of the Bulgarians and the conduct of the Greeks. The Bulgarians vapoured not at all, hit hard when hard hitting was required, and have been moderate in their conduct since their victory. The Greeks have swaggered and blustered for months, have never dared to strike a blow, and are rather more insolent in their hesitation than they could have been if they had dared and won. It is asserted—and for politeness' sake must, we suppose, be believed—that Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord SALISBURY have changed nothing in the policy of Lord SALISBURY, and the rather unintelligible delay of coercion applied to this pestilent little State in the interests of international justice and the peace of Europe must therefore, for the same reason, be set down to other causes. Unfortunately these causes are not far to seek. The demands of Messer GASTER are no doubt most pressing and dominant, yet most admirals would somehow have been able to arrange for the victualling of their ships without that unlucky apparent breaking up of the combined squadron which caused the Russian Ministry so much sorrow at the misconstruction put on it a short time ago. It is more than suspected that one or two other Powers besides Russia are reluctant to put real pressure on Greece, not in the least that they love the Greeks more, but that they love England less, and are desirous to make friends and pretences for participation to their own advantage in any future struggle. It is the curse of the whole situation that the Eastern question has never been, and probably can never be, honestly dealt with by the Powers. If we may claim a little more honesty, though certainly not much more wisdom, for England than for some others, it is not out of any hypocrisy or pretence of superior virtue. We have in the East

almost, if not quite, as much as we want or care to take. We could (unless we were driven off the seas, in which case we should lose a good deal more than our hold on the Mediterranean) take anything else we wanted without difficulty in war-time, and our selfish interest in the final partition of the Turkish Empire is chiefly limited to the wish to keep certain other persons out of certain other places, not to seize them ourselves. Again, we have not, and for a long time have not had, any "cock to fight," in the old slang, among the little States which have been carved out of Turkey. We do not want, except some of the very silliest of us, to push any competitor, as Austria pushes Servia, as Russia would have pushed Bulgaria if Bulgaria would have let her do it in the way she chose, as Italy has sometimes thought of pushing a State to be created on the Adriatic littoral, as France now and again (and perhaps now more particularly) has pushed Greece. But these different interests exist on the part of the other Powers, and it is difficult not to think that they have counted and count for something in the delay of punishment in respect to the flagrant misconduct of Greece. That misconduct is indeed so flagrant that no defence, except of the merely anti Turkish and lunatic kind, has been offered for it by anybody. Justice condemns the utter baselessness of the claims; the rather immoral toleration which is extended to the upholders of the good old rule of force cannot be extended to the Greeks because they are obviously afraid to strike, however willing they may be to wound. But they can buy torpedoes (whether they can pay for them is another matter); and they can mass troops on the Turkish frontier, in the apparent hope that the Turks will be provoked into attacking them; and they can put the SULTAN to expenses which he can ill spare; and they can threaten piratical attacks on merchant shipping and open seaports. All this they are (for it comes to that) allowed to do—when, if the European Concert was honestly united and honestly minded, they would have been brought to reason months ago by the simple and historical process of ordering up a proper number of ships, laying the watch on the table, and giving King GEORGE and M. DELYANNIS so many hours to come to their senses. "The watch on the table" would settle the Greek part of the Eastern question at once. Since the watch has not been laid on the table, it is unluckily impossible not to suppose that there is somewhere a want of will to settle it.

PERILS OF REVELATION.

THE persons responsible for the Education Act of 1870 probably hoped that the reprehensible practice called practical joking, and that peculiarly despicable form of it immemorially known as hoaxing an editor, would be extinct long before 1886. But they were wrong. The innate depravity of man is too much for them, and even this week the hoaxing of an editor bore bitter and extremely expensive fruit.

This is the sad story. Mr. GINNETT, proprietor of Ginnett's Circus, was engaged in March of last year in "travelling with his establishment through the provinces." He had arrived at the fine old University town of Oxford, and was going through his performances there, doubtless to the great edification of a part of the undergraduate population. Among those who witnessed the entertainment was a gentleman of whom nothing is known to the public except that he was the friend of Mr. G. NAPIER WHITTINGHAM, of Worcester College. One consequence of this friend's having been the channel of Mr. WHITTINGHAM's terrible tale is that the origin of the hoax of which an editor, or rather a proprietor, was the hapless victim can be located, as Americans have it, only within very wide limits. The tale which the proprietor, through his agent the editor, gave to the world came to the editor from Mr. G. NAPIER WHITTINGHAM, who had it from his friend, who heard it from a person purporting to be "one of the managers" of Mr. GINNETT's show. There are good reasons for supposing that the editor was not making fun of his proprietor, because this is not the only occasion on which he has told a surprising story upon an unsound foundation. He was the editor of an evening paper. But there is nothing to show whether Mr. G. NAPIER WHITTINGHAM was making fun of the editor, or Mr. G. NAPIER WHITTINGHAM's friend of Mr. G. NAPIER WHITTINGHAM, or the ostensible manager of Mr. WHITTINGHAM's friend, or some unknown and yet

more remote *raconteur* of the ostensible manager. However far back the original sin may lie, the revelation ultimately made to the world in the highly appropriate columns chosen was this. "Out of natural curiosity" the descendant of EVE, honoured by the friendship of Mr. G. NAPIER WHITTINGHAM, asked the manager how the boys in the circus were trained to perform their feats so well. "The man," whether deceived or deceiving, but "without the slightest amount of 'feeling'" or the least accuracy in fact, "replied that they were made to perform their various feats surrounded by 'men holding whips,'" and not only did the men, who were probably attired in buckram, hold whips, but whenever the boys failed they "lashed them severely," insomuch that "sometimes their backs were a mass of blood." Yet more horrible and equally unveracious tales followed—"other things the man related"—of such a nature that "for common decency's sake" Mr. G. NAPIER WHITTINGHAM deemed them unfit to tell in the chaste columns wherein his letter appeared. It is perhaps as well that his communication was made in March. "The man's statement" was said by Mr. WHITTINGHAM to have been "corroborated" by one of the boys. This hideous story Mr. WHITTINGHAM despatched to an evening paper, asking the editor "if such a thing as this is not intolerable happening in one of our University towns." The editor—sympathetic soul!—published the letter, but shrewdly added a note hazarding a suggestion, due no doubt to his reverence for Oxford, that that city was not itself the scene of the "training." "Probably it is only the finished product of this torture system" that is brought for show at Oxford."

Mr. GINNETT not unnaturally brought an action for libel against the proprietor of the paper referred to. The defendant admitted that his editor had published a story which some practical joker had invented, and he offered the sum of 5*l.* as compensation for the injury done to Mr. GINNETT by the publication. But the jury, after hearing from Mr. GINNETT an account of the loss to his business caused by Mr. THOMPSON's editor's credulity, assessed the damages at the more substantial figure of 1,505*l.* This considerable sum, besides costs, Mr. THOMPSON was adjudged to pay to Mr. GINNETT. It must be dawning upon his ingenuous editor that a shocking story, or even a story which "in common decency" cannot be told, is not necessarily true.

THE KNIGHTS OF LABOUR.

IT is possible that the leaders of the workmen both in Europe and America may be doing a real service to industry. They have no intention of doing any such good work, but indirectly their present activity may prove beneficial. On the face of it they appear to be engaged in nothing but mischief. In Belgium they have caused as much loss and suffering as could be entailed by a small war. In France they have brought about, and are now prolonging, the strike at Decazeville. In the United States they have interrupted the traffic of a vast district, and at St. Louis have committed a riot on a very large scale. The direct damage done by all this is, of course, very great. Some thousands of working people have been thrown out of employment in Belgium, and the miners who formed the rank and file of the riotous mobs are worse off than ever. As several of the mines have been maliciously set on fire, a very considerable proportion of the hands engaged in them must be left without work or pay for a long time, if not for good and all. At the end of their insane outbreak there are more hands unemployed, and, as capital has been frightened and disturbed, there is less hope than before of a rise in wages. In the Decazeville district the miners are trying to live on nothing, as an alternative to living on very little. The whole mining industry of France, which was already in a very depressed state, is being weighted with a dead loss. Both in the Charleroi and the French mining districts any possible revival of industry, and consequent improvement in the condition of the working people, have been indefinitely postponed. The mischief done in those places is immediate and palpable. Whatever good is to come out of it must be indirect and contingent, but it may prove permanent. The Belgian and French strikes ought, if there is any common sense left in these countries, to enlighten the community as to the danger of allowing Socialist agitators to work unchecked on the passions of the poor. It is no doubt true that a more humane system of Poor-laws than exists in either of these countries would do something to prevent

outbreaks of this sort in future. Men who have a security that they will not die of starvation are less likely to riot than men for whom that kind of death is always possible. But these riots have been far less due to the pressure of hunger than to the activity of agitators who are themselves in no want of food, and who are trying to upset all society and recast it in a mould of their own. The community can now see what comes of allowing these men to go their road unchecked. It is not impossible that the workmen themselves, when they come to reflect next morning, may discover that they pay very dearly for twenty-four hours of excitement and pillage. Starvation is, after all, worse than diminished wages and short time.

The United States has, as is only natural, given the most striking example of the pretensions of the working-men. In France and Belgium the strikers and rioters had the excuse, such as it was, that they were in great want. The American workmen do not seem even to have pretended that this was the case with them. They have provoked an extensive railway strike and have done great mischief simply as part of a plan to get control of all the industry of the country. The history of the movement is highly instructive. A body, called, in accordance with the American's love of showy titles and theatrical parade, the Knights of Labour, has been in existence for some time. Its object is to defend the rights of labour, so called, by which it means the right of the wage-earners to share profits which do not exist and to avoid bearing their share in the general losses of industry. Within the last few months this body, which is asserted to consist of half a million of members, has openly attempted to terrorize the industry of the United States. It has announced its intention to dictate the terms on which work is to be done in trades of all kinds. Up to a certain point it has been successful. Its method of applying pressure was copied from a model very familiar in this country. The Knights of Labour simply boycotted any manufacturer or trade with which they happened to have a quarrel. They forbade their own members to work, and by means of pickets and the usual methods of Trades-Union tyranny they compelled independent workmen to obey their orders. In some cases they were able to cow an individual manufacturer or a small trade. Then, in what will probably turn out to be a lucky moment for the industry of the United States, they chose to pick a quarrel with the railways. As their object is to erect themselves into the sole judges of all questions between employers and workmen, their pretext was not ill chosen. One of the men employed by the Texas and Pacific Railway, who was a Knight of Labour, behaved in an appropriately cavalier fashion. He asked for half a day's leave, and stayed away for three days. In the natural course of things he was dismissed. Hereupon the Knights took up his quarrel. He was absolutely in the wrong, for it does not appear that he gave any excuse for his absence; but this is just what made his case such a good one to fight. The question is whether the Knights or the employers are to be judges of whether a dismissal is deserved, and it could scarcely be more decisively fought out than over a case in which a member of the body was to blame. A strike was ordered on the Texas Pacific Railway, and then, to bring the Company more quickly to reason, it was enforced by another on the Missouri Pacific branch. The Knights are whole-souled and high-toned men. They do not mean to do anything unchivalrous, and so they politely offered to take charge of the Company's plant till such time as it should surrender at discretion. But the Company meant fighting, and, as it is in the hands of State receivers, it could fight to some purpose. The Knights of Labour loafed in their thousands round the Company's sheds, and waited to see what would happen. What happened was that they were all dismissed and new hands taken on to work the line. Then the Knights broke out, stopped the trains, maltreated the emergency men, forced their way into the sheds, and took to rattening the machinery. This opened the eyes of the Texans and Missourians to the exact character of the Knights of Labour. The people of these States, not the most peaceful and long-suffering of mankind by any means, found that the representatives of the railway hands were prepared to stop the traffic over 5,000 miles of railway, and to deprive 4,000,000 citizens of all means of communication. The publication of a letter from one of the Knights, which has been reprinted in England by the *Daily News*, served to display the real character of the League still more clearly. It appears from this production that the strike was simply ordered by a central Committee, and carried

out blindly by the workmen, not because they had any real grievance to remove, but with the undisguised intention of getting control of the railways, and so putting themselves in a position to domineer over the whole community.

There can be no doubt that in this case the Knights of Labour have overreached themselves. As soon as the farmers of Texas and Missouri find that what they have to deal with is an attempt to put them at the mercy of a Society consisting of about one in a hundred of the population, they will take measures to bring their would-be masters to order. Already the State officers in St. Louis and in various parts of Texas have acted with vigour. In the first of these places there has possibly been more vigour shown than was strictly necessary, and trouble may ensue; but there is little probability that the authority of the States will be left without proper support. The workmen themselves are obviously beginning to find out that the yoke of the Knights may be as heavy as that of the employers. The newspapers which encouraged the wild talk of the so-called Labour party have been frightened into common sense by the excesses in Texas and Missouri. They have discovered that a vast majority of the people of the United States is prepared to deal as it always has dealt with Socialist agitators, and, according to their custom, they are calling for vigorous measures after doing their best to foment disorder. To complete the picture, it appears that the chiefs of the League find the control of the Knights slipping through their fingers. The more moderate men are drawing back when they find themselves deprived of their wages by the order of a Committee, and the more violent are beginning to rebel against leaders who try to stop them after leading them to the verge of rebellion. At St. Louis the leaders who had hoped to work a revolutionary movement by boycotting, only found themselves disobeyed when they tried to quiet their followers who wished to support "the boycott" by the sanction of force. The history of the whole movement is not the less instructive because there is no particular novelty in it. This attempt of a body of workmen to tyrannize over the whole community—the use of pressure, to begin with, and then of open violence, the leaders' disregard of the real interests of most of their supporters, and their total inability to control the agitation which they had set going—are all old incidents enough. They are well worth attending to all the same, simply because they prove that, even in the great Republic and in spite of universal suffrage, gush about the rights of man, roast goose with apple sauce and the rest of it, class hatreds and the wish to dip into your neighbour's pocket, produce the same old-fashioned results of violence and bloodshed.

THE WHOLE DUTY OF A PORTER.

THE railway porter has his exits and his entrances. In this time he plays many parts. But the exit which he likes best is to vanish just when he is wanted. The entrance he prefers immediately precedes the opportunity of a tip, or what our rude forefathers called a *vail*. And the part he especially loves is that known in our criminal annals as the confidence trick. It happens in this way. Your wife arrives at the station with your luggage much too soon for the train. The obsequious porter suggests that the bag at all events may be entrusted to him, whatever is done with the portmanteau or the hamper. His advice is taken; and so is the bag. Is the Company liable? This is a very thorny question. Like the milk in the cocoa-nut, it perplexes the philosopher, though it can scarcely be said to refresh the traveller. Not only does it perplex the philosopher. It divides the judicial Bench, where unity is much to be desired. Unfortunately Divisional Courts are not like Cabinets, where the object is to stay in, and the method is to agree upon something, however absurd. Lord MELBOURNE is popularly supposed to have stood with his back against the door, and said, "Now, then, I don't care which way it is. But we must go one way or the other." Mr. Justice DAY and Mr. Justice SMITH went opposite ways, and their want of unanimity was reproduced in the Court of Appeal. The facts were very much as we have more or less hypothetically stated them. Mrs. BUNCH arrived at Paddington with a portmanteau, a hamper, and a Gladstone bag. The portmanteau and the hamper had a prosperous career, and need not be further considered. Happy the luggage without a history. The bag disappeared, and Mr. BUNCH, by losing it,

conferred a benefit upon the public. For he has obtained from the highest tribunal but one a decision more favourable to the mere "item," for whom railways are supposed to exist, than any which has been recently delivered.

Mr. BUNCH brought his action in the Marylebone County Court, and recovered damages to the extent of eighteen pounds. The point that the Company was not liable for more than ten pounds was not raised, and presumably was not applicable. Mr. Justice SMITH agreed and Mr. Justice DAY differed with the County Court Judge. Thereupon Mr. Justice SMITH, as the junior, withdrew his judgment; and thus, by one of the beautiful results of the Judicature Acts, the opinion of one legal authority prevailed against the opinion of two. Then came the Court of Appeal, with the happy consequence that a wealthy and powerful corporation, which takes charge of one's property through its servants, is declared liable for the loss thereof. It was argued for the Great Western that the porter had only authority to convey a bag from a cab to the train. If he deviated from that direct line, he might, as the porter in *Macbeth* says, tread the primrose path to the everlasting bon-fire, bag and all, without imposing any liability upon his employers. This must be the true view, as certain notices posted up where luggage is labelled and where nobody goes are alive, like the historic bricks, to testify. The MASTER of the ROLLS discharged the principal function of a judge by finding a good legal reason for the obvious conclusion of untutored sense. The Company, he said, were common carriers of luggage so long as the passenger was on his journey and the luggage was not under the passenger's own control. The latter condition would have failed if the bag had been put into the carriage, and the former if it had been deposited in the cloak-room at the end of the transit. Lord Justice LINDLEY concurred, holding that, even if the Company were not common carriers, there was evidence on which the County Court Judge had found them to be negligent. Lord Justice LOFES dissented. But the weight of authority is happily on the side of fairness and justice. It is not improbable that the case may be carried to the House of Lords; but it would be unduly sanguine to expect that any principle of railway law can ever be finally settled in this world.

MR. BRADLAUGH DISARMS CRITICISM.

MR. BRADLAUGH, as a man much accustomed to hostile criticism, might be expected to know how to "disarm" it. He has, indeed, no doubt on the point himself—at any rate when the hostile criticism which he desires to disarm is directed against legislative proposals for which he is responsible. The manœuvre by which he has sought to perform this valuable controversial feat in the case of his Land Cultivation Bill is, to do it justice, simple. He "admits that he is not satisfied with his own Bill"; which amounts to saying that, after he has thought fit to encumber the Parliamentary Order-book with a ridiculous project of law, he withdraws it, on the ground that it is not ridiculous enough to suit his own taste or that of his friends. If this is to "disarm hostile criticism," we can only say that hostile criticism is not very cunning of fence. Most of us who do not possess the Radical's sublime assurance of his right to force his fads on the attention of the world would be disposed to think that this admission of having failed to satisfy himself with his mode of promoting his own fad was not a mitigation, but an aggravation, of his original offence. Indeed, when we come to examine the particular Bill which Mr. BRADLAUGH withdrew after having wasted the greater part of a Wednesday afternoon (if a day so consecrated to folly can be more wasted by one folly than another) in the House of Commons—when, we say, we come to examine this particular Bill, we shall find more ground than ever for admiring Mr. BRADLAUGH's idea of disarming his adversaries. We would remind him that it is not yet a certain and accepted truth of politics that a land-owner should be made liable to punishment for a misdemeanour if he omits or neglects to cultivate his land at a loss. We do not venture in the least to question that the "silent forces of the future," the "majestic march of democracy," the "inevitable laws of progress," and all the rest of the useful and imposing agencies which the Radical can "turn on" like gas or water, whenever he likes, are in favour of imposing this penalty on landlords, or, for all we know, making it penal to hold land (in fee simple) on any pretext whatever. All we say is that that time is not yet. We venture to doubt whether even the present enlightened

Parliament is enlightened enough to see where the misdemeanour comes in. And, that being so, it cannot be exactly soothing even to their feelings to be told that Mr. BRADLAUGH will not persevere with his measure because, as a matter of fact, it would not catch as many misdemeanant landlords as he would like. "There are many scores of 'thousands of acres of land now uncultivated in this country, but cultivable with profit' (whatever may be thought by the man to whom the profit would go), "which 'the Bill in its present form would not reach'; which is, of course, the same thing as saying that there are many scores, if not many hundreds, of landlords who ought to be ejected from their lands for not converting them into relief works for agricultural labourers, and stimulating the depressed trade in agricultural implements. With the view, therefore, of sweeping the untouched offenders into the more capacious net of some future measure, Mr. BRADLAUGH asked and obtained leave to withdraw his Bill.

It would show little respect for the intelligence of our readers to attempt any serious discussion of this Bill. We do not know, indeed, that we have anything to add to the observations which we made upon it some months ago, when we took occasion to point out the fatal error of which the framers have been guilty in omitting to make the misdemeanour of the erring landlord punishable by two years' imprisonment with hard labour, and instead thereof conferring upon him a twenty-five years' annuity in the amount of an annual sum equal to the average produce of his land for fourteen years previous to his conviction. Perhaps, however, it may be worth noticing that this last provision appears to have altogether escaped the attention of Mr. LABOUCHERE, whose name is also on the back of the Bill. He observed that there was a very great difference between persons cultivating land at a profit, so as to pay rent to the landlord, and cultivating it so as to get a living for themselves; which, of course, is true. It is, in fact, the difference between the cases of the two competing broomsellers, one of whom had to buy the twigs and twine and handle to make his brooms withal, while the other—evidently a more advanced politician—stole them ready-made. But we find no such great difference between persons cultivating land at a profit so as to pay rent to the landlord, and cultivating it so as to get a profit out of it for themselves, and pay the annual average value to the landlord for twenty-five years. If this latter is really a profitable operation for the tenant or for those who provide him with the money to perform it, it is singular that the landlord and tenant should not have been already brought together by the ordinary working of economical laws, and the land brought into cultivation by the simpler process of renting it in the usual way. Perhaps, however, Mr. LABOUCHERE will explain this when he assists in bringing in that more "drastic" measure which is to extend to "urban land," and, we suppose, to make it a misdemeanour not to raise wheat or vegetables as well as houses on the same plot of land.

THE RAILWAY RATES BILL.

ALL the Railway Boards have protested against the Railway Rates Bill, and they have been unanimously supported by crowded meetings of their shareholders. The Companies have, on the faith of Parliamentary contracts, spent hundreds of millions in the construction of their works, and they now receive an average of about four and a quarter per cent. on their total outlay. The Government Bill might have the effect of annihilating the whole of this vast amount of property, and although the extreme consequence of iniquitous legislation is not likely to follow, the promoters undoubtedly intend to effect a great reduction in the profits of the various undertakings. Even a small diminution of the total dividends would have to be multiplied three or four times over in its operation on the ordinary stock. The Bill, in the 24th Clause, which has already become notorious, provides for an indefinite reduction of maximum rates, at the discretion of the Board of Trade, subject only to the judgment of a joint-Committee of both Houses. The most trivial Railway Bill is, in the ordinary course, submitted to two independent tribunals in succession, the Committee of the second House having the opportunity of redressing any injustice which may have been on the first hearing inadvertently committed. A great property is deliberately deprived of the security enjoyed by a landowner whose farm may be traversed

by a new branch railway. It is known by all who understand the subject that the Board of Trade, which is to be the instrument of confiscation, has no kind of qualification for the task which it is eager to undertake. The Bill originates with the department which has long coveted a power of interference with railway enterprise. The identity of the authors of the measure with the functionaries who are to administer its provisions probably accounts for the surprising omission of any rule of guidance for those who are to mulet the Companies at their discretion. The personal staff of the Board, knowing their own intended policy, ask Parliament to repose unlimited trust in the knowledge which the Board does not possess, and in the impartiality which seems incompatible with the authorship of the Bill.

Mr. MUNDELLA, unfortunately, seems to have submitted to the influence of his official subordinates, and to have inclined to the cause of the traders. It is not a little strange that he should have received with cordial welcome several deputations from traders who were interested parties in the attack on the railways, while he has thus far held no direct communication with the Companies. It might have been supposed that the possession of eight hundred millions of capital entitled its owners to a *locus standi* against its diminution and possible destruction. A levity which could not have been anticipated is exhibited in Mr. MUNDELLA's treatment of the question. By one of the clauses the Railway Commissioners, in deciding on charges of undue preference, "may take into consideration whether such charge is necessary for the purpose of securing the traffic in respect of which it is made." The issue thus suggested would in almost every instance be the most material subject of inquiry; but certain traders who are interested in establishing the impracticable system of mileage rates complained during an interview at the Board of Trade that the Commissioners ought not to be compelled to examine into the question whether the traffic in question could be obtained on other terms than those allowed by the Companies. Mr. MUNDELLA immediately assented to the suggestion that the words "if they shall think fit" should be inserted in the clause, for the purpose of depriving the enactment of nearly all its value. He is apparently not aware that, in meddling with railway business, he would often shut up competing markets and institute, without intending it, a complicated system of local protection. The Railway Commission, though it is better than the present tribunal, is partially constituted on a false principle. A Court ought to administer the law, and therefore it ought to consist of lawyers. It is satisfactory that the Chief Commissioner should be one of the judges of the High Court; but on questions of fact, which are often inextricably mixed up with questions of law, he may be outvoted by his lay colleagues, who are whimsically defined as "practical men of business." They will probably be traders or manufacturers who have spent half their lives in wrangling with Railway Companies, with the result of being strongly prejudiced in every dispute to which members of their own class are parties. Mr. MUNDELLA is a practical man of business; and thus far he has, in his dealing with the present Bill, displayed qualities the reverse of judicial. There is no doubt that his intentions are upright; but he has made up his mind on the question without hearing the case of the Companies.

The only plausible excuse for a predatory measure is founded on the common form which has for twenty years been inserted in every Railway Bill. The clause provides that "nothing in this Act shall exempt the Company from a revision of its maximum rates by any general Act of Parliament." The great legal authority who writes under the signature of "B" has declared that the clause has no bearing on the present measure. His judgment has been anticipated by all the statesmen who have discussed the subject of railways, by several Parliamentary Commissioners of the highest authority, and by the uniform practice of Parliament. All the Railway Bills which have been passed either before or since 1845 contain schedules of rates which have often been actively debated, and which in their complete state formed the consideration on which the undertakers have laid out their capital. Mr. Moon's speech at the meeting of shareholders of the London and Aberdeen Railway enumerates the Reports of successive Parliamentary Committees and Royal Commissions on the necessity of observing good faith "with regard," as Mr. GLADSTONE says in the Report of the Commission of 1844, "to the integrity of privileges already granted, and not

"shown to have been abused." The Reports of the Duke of DEVONSHIRE's Commission, which sat for three years, and of Mr. CHICHESTER FORTESCUE's joint-Committee contain still stronger language to the same effect. Mr. EVELYN ASHLEY's Commission, which sat as late as 1881 and 1882, proves that Mr. GLADSTONE's condition had been satisfied. The Report states "that, on the whole of the evidence, they acquit the Railway Companies of any grave dereliction of their duty to the public." It is remarkable, the Report adds, that no witnesses have appeared to complain of preferences given to individuals by Railway Companies as acts of private favour or partiality.

It is remarkable that the Bill of the Board of Trade provides no remedy for the alleged grievance on which the recent clamour against Railway Companies has been principally founded. The law relating to undue preference will remain unaltered, unless Mr. MUNDELLA persists in his extemporaneous modification of the clause which has been framed for the guidance of the Railway Commissioners. The Report of Mr. ASHLEY's Commission, which has been already quoted, expressly states that no preference has been given through private favour. Adjustments of rates which might be thought to constitute undue preference, in the legal sense of the term, have formed the subject of complaints made to the Railway Commission. That tribunal has both full power to correct inequalities and a supposed tendency to strain its powers for the relief of freighters; yet the charges of undue preference which have been brought before it have been absurdly few, and the alleged partiality of the Companies to foreign produce has never been established. Parliament may, if it thinks fit, prohibit competition between sea and land traffic; but such a measure would be as distinctly Protectionist as a revival of the Corn-laws. The additional expense of carriage which it would involve would affect importers and consumers more heavily than railways; nor, indeed, would the loss be seriously felt by the majority of the Companies. In the meantime the lawfulness of the existing practice is sufficiently proved by the fact that it has not been condemned by the Commissioners, if it has anywhere been impugned. The arbitrary reduction of the maximum rates which is threatened by the Board of Trade could in no degree affect the definition of undue preference. The contention of the various Defence Associations is rather that the rates are in certain cases too low than that they are unduly heavy.

The unanimous remonstrance of railway shareholders against a demonstrably unjust proposal seems at last to have attracted public attention. The Glasgow Chamber of Commerce has passed a resolution against the Bill after a discussion in which the proposal of ruining vast numbers of shareholders was vigorously denounced. Capitalists are, perhaps, beginning to understand the danger of legislation against proprietary rights, and the inconvenience of putting a stop to public enterprise is to some extent recognized. Parliament is at this moment considering the expediency of encouraging costly undertakings by allowing the payment of interest on capital during construction. The decision on the controverted question has not yet been made; but no facilities of the kind proposed would enable millions to be raised for canals or railways if the income which the promoters expect to earn is to be liable to confiscation or to indefinite reduction at the pleasure of the Board of Trade. Investors will not forget the interpretation which is placed by official expounders on the common form which has for forty years never furnished an excuse for spoliation. The withdrawal or defeat of the Rates Bill, or of the obnoxious clauses, would partially or wholly restore confidence in the good faith of Parliament. Perhaps some of the assailants of the Companies may hereafter be grateful for the resistance which they oppose to semi-Socialist schemes. Presidents of Chambers of Agriculture will do well to reflect on the analogy between rents and railway dividends. If Acts of Parliament are to be summarily set aside, private title-deeds will be in imminent danger.

A DELICATE INVESTIGATION.

THE enterprising originator of the inquiry into "the causes of failure in life" has published some of "the results of his investigation" in a little pamphlet, which will be a pure delight to those who admire dramatic consistency of character. It would have disappointed us if

a gentleman endowed with that modest assurance in self-advertising which his happy idea attests had not pleaded "the benefit of the community" as an excuse, not only for the impudence of the project itself, but for the even greater audacity of pretending that the mixtures of brag and hoax which he publishes as serious answers to his questions could possibly afford guidance in the art of living to any human being. "It will be seen," says the editor of these replies, with a gravity which may be ironical, but which is just as likely to be merely fatuous, "that the correspondents who 'fill up the forms are not all ready to admit that they are 'failures, though all agreed that but for certain circumstances they might have achieved greater success, which," observes the commentator, "serves my purpose equally well." No doubt it does, in our view of his purpose; but, judged with reference to his own account of that purpose, this last proposition is one which will take a good deal of beating. The notion of the "benefit of the community" being promoted by a systematic investigation of the number of cases in which people might have been more successful than they have been is quite delightful to contemplate. All we want now is, an inquiry in the interests of art into the statistics of pictures which might have been better if the artists had taken more pains. "In no instance," adds the Investigator, again leaving us uncertain whether we are in the presence of slyness or fatuity, "has the confessed failure 'permitted me to use his name, so that the personal description must be confined to professions or occupations. 'This is natural enough under circumstances so delicate.' Is it natural? Or is it only the mere morbid squeamishness of false pride? Surely the question is an arguable one.

As to the replies themselves, they exhibit—or such of them as are not obviously wanting in *bona fides*—precisely the characteristics which might be predicted from the very circumstance of their writers having condescended to answer the questions, and they are accepted and reviewed by the Investigator in a manner equally characteristic of the man who undertook to ask them. We have only space for one or two of his criticisms. Here is his comment on the case of a man who failed in the coffee-planting business in Ceylon:—"The hot climate took it out of him. He was 'constitutionally unfit to overcome reverses in Ceylon, and so he failed in life. Had the blight not fallen on the 'coffee-plant, he might have been a thriving planter to-day.' Here is another on a failure attributed to excessive amiability:—"Excessive amiability is a curse. It amounts to a business disqualification, and is one of the 'commonest causes of failure. . . . This is an answer 'that merits careful study, for it sets forth a very real 'and [with a needless profusion of consonants] enervating 'danger." But here follows a sentence which finally disposes of the question whether the Investigator is serious or not:—"The unwisdom of not taking full advantage of 'one's family connexions is just as apparent, and generally 'leads up to a form of proud and pig-headed failure that is 'peculiar to Scotchmen"—a race, in fact, of "kinless 'loons," whose indifference to, and indeed ignorance of, the ties of blood, exhibiting itself principally in a positive impatience of the intricacies of genealogy, has passed into a proverb. To sum up on behalf of "the community" whose welfare is at stake in this inquiry, we may now warn a young man starting in life that he must not have been "trained to think that a gentleman should not work," nor have had for a father a working-man who "wants his "son to wear black clothes," and accordingly educates him for a position for which he is unfit. Neither must he be an artist who "can only paint when the spirit moves him"; nor be "excessively amiable"; nor a proud and pig-headed Scotchman who does not "take full advantage of his family 'connexions"; nor "have it taken out of him by a hot climate"; nor have met reverses in the Indies when the blight is on the coffee-plant. How is that for instructive? What does the "community" in general and the "young man starting in life" in particular think of that? Will he find the application of these cases to be more or less limited than the moral of *George Barnwell*, which an American humourist defined as "a warning to all uncles having murderers for 'nephews'?" We imagine that the community and the young man, if they entertained any hopes of enlightenment from this delicate investigation, will be just a little disappointed. But they ought not to have entertained any such hopes at all. A very little knowledge of human life and appreciation of human character might have informed them that any man who was foolish enough not to perceive the real motive of these inquiries, or who, even without per-

ceiving it, has so little self-respect as to gratify their impudent curiosity, must suffer from an amount of weakness, intellectual or moral, which would alone suffice to explain the most disastrous of failures.

BOGUS PROSECUTION.

If it had been the design of the Government to bestow as much of their favour as possible on HYNDMAN and his companions in innocence, they could hardly have adopted means better calculated to attain that end than the steps which they actually took. It was unlikely in the beginning that a conviction for seditious words would be obtained, and as the case went on it became increasingly evident that it would not. Providence would seem to have been in a more than usually "ironical" temper (as a devout but converted contemporary would say) when disposing the course of the prosecution. In the first place the spectacle of a Government which not only owes its existence to Mr. PARNELL, but spends its time in the most uncompromising practical acknowledgment of the debt, prosecuting anybody for inciting people to bring about a change in the Constitution by violence, or for stirring up hatred and ill-will amongst different classes of HER MAJESTY's subjects, has all the incongruity asserted by philosophers to be the essential basis of humour. In the second place, the position of the gentleman who happens to be ATTORNEY-GENERAL was of the most novel and curious kind. In the morning he asked a jury to convict HYNDMAN and BURNS of sedition. In the evening he asked a House of Parliament to reward the sedition of some of his Irish friends, and the more serious offences of others, by converting Ireland into a bear-garden wherein DAVITT, SHERIDAN, and honest PAT EGAN may disport themselves to their liking, untrammelled by any laws except those which they may find useful for compelling the Loyalists of Ulster to submit to their fantasies. Sir CHARLES RUSSELL, in the character of a Separatist who would amputate his native country from the land of his adoption, his residence, and his career, out of natural love and affection for the former, is a sufficiently ludicrous entity at the best of times, but when he is prosecuting other people for attempting to make large constitutional changes he becomes wildly funny, and all the more so because he is not quite able to conceal his own consciousness of being amusing. Mr. Justice CAVE, seeking relaxation from the gloom of the Bankruptcy Court in the exhibition of totally unexpected "effects" in criminal law, made up, with the elements already noticed, a *tout ensemble* of more than ordinary diversion.

The initial foolishness of the proceedings lay in this—that whether the words which had been spoken were or were not lawful words was a question in which no one took the faintest interest. However seditious it might be to say "bread or lead," it is not the kind of thing for which people are prosecuted. The modern habit of indifference may not be—and in our opinion is not—entirely good, but there is no doubt about its existence. In these things, as in most other things, there is a fashion, with which all sensible people comply to a certain extent; and to prosecute for such expressions as the Socialists used on the 8th of February is antiquated. The real offence, as was pointed out to the Government a great many times, was not seditions speaking, but rioting. The wholesale breaking of windows and stealing from shops which then took place cried aloud for vengeance, and cried in vain. The Government were, and are, in this dilemma. If the riots were not the natural result of what was said, then what was said was of no consequence. If the riots were the natural result of what was said, then the speakers had incited the commission of the riot, if they had not been legally principals in it themselves, and ought to have been tried for that offence. The result of their being tried for something else was that a perpetual shilly-shally went on between the bar, the bench, and the dock as to whether the defendants were charged with causing the riots or not. Ultimately Mr. Justice CAVE laid down the startling proposition that, with regard at least to seditious speaking, a man cannot be held to have intended consequences which actually followed from his words, although they were consequences which any one of common sense would expect to follow from the speaking of such words, unless he did intend the consequences in the sense of having them present to his mind beforehand, and wishing or meaning them to ensue. The precise contrary is laid down in STEPHEN'S *Digest of the Criminal Law*, and is,

on the whole, still believed to be law, Mr. Justice CAVE's ruling notwithstanding.

Worse even than this bungle about intentions, the hideous heresy about motives cropped up again:—

It's no matter what you do
If your Motive's only true.

And the defendants' motives were true—to the Social Democratic Federation and such of their fellow-subjects as would assist them in promoting the general welfare at a cost not to exceed the estimated number of 1,250,000 heads. This fallacy—believed to have been originally invented by or for Mr. GLADSTONE—is at the root of many misfortunes from which the world now suffers. The world will continue to suffer until it has learnt that a man's motives—meaning thereby the wishes by which he is actuated in determining what to do—are not of the smallest consequence to any one but himself. The important thing, morally just as much as legally, is what is done, and not why it is done. Stealing legs of mutton is quite as annoying to the owner and as demoralizing to the public when it is done by way of gradual preparation for the blissful moment when everything portable will be either stolen or destroyed, and a poll-tax levied taking the highly practical form of 1,250,000 scalps, as when it is done in order to supply Mr. SIKES with an unearned meal for himself and a suitable missile for the partner of his joys.

THE MINES COMMISSION REPORT.

THE Blue Book containing the Report of the Commission which has been examining into the causes and means of preventing accidents in mines is sure of a public, and a large public, of its own. There are many people who will be interested in it for its scientific value, to say nothing of those who have good reasons of an industrial kind for mastering it. In the course of the seven years of their inquiry the Commission have made experiments which have an independent value, and will be attractive to readers who have never as much as been at the mouth of a mine. The general public which thinks of a mine chiefly as the scene of periodical explosions will be content to take the Report on trust, and treat it with the distant respect commonly shown to Blue Books. Indeed, if anybody desirous of learning what causes explosions, and how they are to be avoided, takes up the Report, he is very likely to be frightened by the abundance of technical terms which it inevitably contains. There are various persons of average intelligence who will not be appreciably the wiser for being told that furnaces should be provided with dumb drifts, and will wonder how this kind of drift differs from any other, and what a split is, and a goaf, and what happens to a thing when it is roaved. Still, by dint of taking the technical terms for granted and fixing on the recommendations of the Commission, the layman can get some instruction out of the Report.

Two things are made very clear by it, and, as is usually the case with truths, there is nothing in them to surprise anybody. The first is that what are called "miscellaneous accidents," the small mishaps which are never heard of out of the mine, seem to do more damage to life and limb, year in year out, than the great explosions which fill columns of the newspapers. The second is that the secret of the art of avoiding accidents great and small is to take care. Over and again the Commissioners come back to this indisputable proposition, that miners ought to be careful, and that their employers ought to compel them to take care, if they will not do it for themselves. It would appear that the men are less reckless than they were in former years. For one thing the practice of surreptitiously opening safety-lamps is less common than it was; but it is still done so frequently as to make it necessary for the officials of the mine to lock them. The Commissioners, who were not only bound to insist on the necessity for taking care, but to show how it can be taken, recommend a method of locking the lamps which, they think, may be trusted to checkmate the most ingenious miner who is so reckless as to risk his life and his comrades by showing a naked light. It is an excellent feature in the Report that the Commissioners never lose sight of the fallibility of mankind. After insisting on the necessity of locking the lamps, they point out that, as oversights will happen, and the most faithful lampman may pass one with a minute leak, it would be a wise precaution to have them all properly tested in gas before they are allowed to go down the mine at all. It is not

possible in many parts of mining work to apply an infallible natural test of this kind. Very numerous accidents, as the Report points out, occur under the head of "Falls of roof and sides," or in a score of other ways which are all classed as "Miscellaneous." As a guard against these the Commissioners can only recommend better discipline and more care. They wisely lay down no hard-and-fast rules, but only advise the officials and Companies to keep abundant supplies of good timber always at hand, and to leave those whose lives are at stake to use the means of providing for their safety. If men will not take proper precautions to save themselves, no system of discipline can avail them. Even the efficiency of the gas-test for lamps, infallible as it seems to be when properly used, will fail if the lampmen are so careless, or so dishonest, as not to apply it. There would be no end to the business of inventing tests to show whether a test had been used. All that can be done is to leave stupidity and rashness the least possible field. A large part of the Report is naturally devoted to that fertile cause of accidents in mines, the firing of "shots." On the whole, what the Commissioners have to say on this subject is encouraging. They may be said to have proved that, always provided a mine is properly equipped and reasonable care is taken, explosions ought not to arise from this cause. Recent inventions have provided safeguards on both sides. It is much more possible to detect the presence of explosive gases in the air than it was formerly, and explosives of human invention are now provided which can be employed with a minimum of danger. By using dynamite cartridges with water, and firing them by the proper electrical methods, it is possible to carry on blasting operations without allowing any spark of flame to come in contact with the air. If the use of tools of this kind were universal in mines, one great danger would be removed from the work. The Commissioners are careful to insist that no great amount of training or skill is required to handle these scientific instruments properly. They regret that they were not able to carry on their inquiry still longer; but they have every reason to be satisfied with the results of their seven years' work. The Report contains a vast mass of information, which ought, if properly used, to make mining nearly as safe as any work carried on aboveground.

CANINE DUMMY.

THERE are many wonderful things, said the Greek tragedian, but nothing more wonderful than man. If SOPHOCLES could have read a story contributed by a correspondent to the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, he might have seen reason to revise his opinion in favour of the dog. To come to the point at once—a process which is unfashionable, but has its advantages—there is a dog who sits up on his haunches, and plays cards with his master. Now dogs have been known to show many signs of great intelligence, and there are not wanting those who think that the human difficulty of understanding them is due to deficiencies in the human rather than in the canine mind. A dog's sense of humour, for instance, is very great, and he readily appreciates the difference between being laughed with and laughed at, neither of which statements can be unreservedly predicated of the bulk of mankind. But, whether owing to a dog's natural contempt for frivolous pursuits unconnected with bones, or to mere laziness, or to the possession of an intellect superior to details, no dog has hitherto, so far as we are aware, been caught playing at whist. "RAPIER," however, knows a man who knows a dog who apparently does everything but shuffle, from which exception a cynic might draw melancholy and appropriate conclusions. "RAPIER'S" friend introduces his anecdote in the most approved moral style. "The occupation of a shepherd," he says, "is at all times more or less 'monotonous,' and so we arrive at the pith of a really admirable tale. 'Under the lee-side of a huge boulder I came upon the shepherd and his canine assistant, a 'remarkably handsome colley of the true Dartmoor type.' The shepherd had a pack of cards, and it happened unfortunately to be his turn to deal. He was dealing them out on a slab between him and his 'canine assistant,' 'who was sitting squarely on his haunches,' as 'RAPIER'S' friend roundly asseverates. Suddenly the shepherd paused and asked the dog what he was grinning at. 'Got the 'ace again, hasn't?' But the dog, like Lord CHARLES BERESFORD'S emu when challenged by the sentry, made no reply."

The shepherd, who had certainly found a more cheerful occupation than the leech-gatherer on the lonely moor, responded readily to the Wordsworthian question how he lived, and what it was he did. He plays a form of double dummy, and, as he admitted with singular candour, he has not yet instructed the colley in all the ins and outs of the game. "Although," he said, "I don't b'lieve Ship knows 'the right vally of all 'em, he knows well enough when 'he's got the ace of trumps, that he do." It might be thought that, if Ship knew what were trumps and which was the ace, little would be hid from his ken that whist can disclose. We must, however, take the story as we find it, and certainly it was no ordinary experience that the veracious narrator enjoyed "when rambling 'about in the vicinity of Portland Prison." BALAAM's ass will soon have to hide her diminished ears, and even JONAH's whale must, to use a very inadequate expression, take a back seat. We fancy that Ship, should his master ever consent to part with him, would fetch a very considerable sum of money. Double dummy is, according to some authorities, the most intellectual form of whist. How charming to play it with a companion who couldn't talk, and who would surely consider it beneath him to call for trumps by a short, sharp bark. If he won the rubber, no doubt, as in the case of Mr. UTTERTON over his wine, something eminently human would beacon from his eye. Probably the next thing heard of Ship will be that he has put the ace up his sleeve. We congratulate the *Sporting and Dramatic News*. The *Spectator* is not in it. What is a cat with a moral sense to a dog who knows the ace of trumps? Sir JOHN LUBBOCK's dog is said to understand proportional representation and the transferable vote, as well as the general public. But that is not saying much.

THE ZEAL OF THE DEVIL'S HOUSE.

THE present Government of France has been accused of want of vigour. There have been found people, both in France and abroad, to declare that it showed very shameful weakness at the beginning of the Decazeville strike. Its agents stood feebly by, wringing their hands, while a handful of ruffians were slowly murdering M. WATRIN. The Prefect was hot in hand to the mob, and the MINISTER OF WAR could hardly find gush amorous enough to express the tenderness of his personal feelings and the affection of the army for the people as represented by the murderers. This had, in the opinion of some, the air of being an ignoble attitude to assume towards a knot of ruffians and their ruffian friends in the Paris press. It looked like feebleness. But the French Government was not feeble; it only made a judicious distinction. It can be, and has been, as energetic as heart could wish. It only recognizes that there are rights of the people and rights. There is the right to riot and talk sedition and occasionally "execute" engineers, which is one thing, and there is the right to go to church and pray, which is quite another, and is only to be exercised under strict limitations.

The affair of Châteauvilain has given the French Government an excellent opportunity of laying down the law on this point. In this commune there is a parish priest who is not sufficiently "bien pensant" from the Radical point of view. He was deprived of his stipend, along with many others, after the last general election. Holding, with DALGETTY, that pay is the counterpart of the engagement of service, he refused to officiate any longer in the parish church. He did not give up his ministrations, however, but performed mass at a private chapel in a manufactory at La Combe. This building is not authorized, and the sight of a contumacious priest performing Mass in such a place was an eyesore to the Prefect of the department of Isère. He ordered this scandalous violation of the law to cease, and finally directed the Sub-Prefect of La Tour du Pin to put a stop to it. The Sub-Prefect sent a commissary of police, who was defied by M. FISCHER, the manager of the factory. Hereupon the Sub-Prefect himself came down with horse, foot, and artillery. M. FISCHER, supported by the women of the factory, offered resistance. The women threw stones; M. FISCHER fired a revolver. Finally discipline triumphed. The chapel was carried by storm, with a total loss on both sides of five persons injured and one woman killed. There is peace at La Combe, in the commune of Châteauvilain and the department of the Isère.

This is the kind of incident which gives a certain kind of speculator on public affairs such an admirable opportunity

of pointing out and lamenting the faults on both sides. The priest should not have sought an opportunity of defying the Government, the factory girls should not have thrown stones, M. FISCHER should not have fired a revolver, the Minister of the Interior, Prefect, and Sub-Prefect should have let the chapel alone. All this is true; but it is not the whole truth by any means. The priest and the faithful at La Combe may be said, without any twisting of words, to have been acting on the defensive. It was a mean and tyrannical act to deprive the priests who displeased the Radicals of their stipends. The thing was done as part of a general attack on the Church. M. FISCHER was unquestionably guilty of a breach of the law in keeping the chapel open and of insane folly in firing on the Sub-Prefect; but the Government which was so severe with him had condoned murder of the foulest kind a few weeks before, and had cringed to an anarchical rabble. An Administration which has two weights and two measures in this way cannot expect, and is not entitled to, any respect. It is a farce to speak of it as enforcing the law. No doubt the Government had a technical right to close the chapel. The pettifogging legality of its actions is indeed characteristic of the whole mean Radical persecution. Neither can it be denied that the Church in the day of its power has tried to suppress all unauthorized places of worship. M. GOBLET and his colleagues are justified by the letter of the law and the example of their adversaries in the course they have followed in the Isère. The excuse may be taken for what it is worth. If the dominant clique of Republicans are content to declare that they mean to use the methods of the Roman Catholic Church in its most aggressive times for the purpose of crushing the Church itself, there is, from a logical point of view, nothing to be said to them. The rod is one thing on the back and another in the hand. The bigot and the fanatic have declared as much at all times. Only there should be no doubt as to what this attitude on the part of M. GOBLET means. It means that the Government of France has fallen into the hands of the bigots of unbelief, who will use it in the spirit of the worst stamp of Jesuit. Even the Third Republic had not hitherto shown anything quite equal to the spectacle of an Administration which in one week truckles to a mob of murderers and in the next hurries out its gendarmes against a handful of factory-girls who persist in hearing Mass in an unauthorized chapel.

THE BUDGET.

IT is not every Chancellor of the Exchequer who can relieve the tedium of a Budget speech by play of fancy or humour of illustration, and much allowance should be made for Sir WILLIAM HAROURT, who had already expended all his jokes on the dismemberment of the Empire. His particular work, too, was not an inspiring one; for, of all the uninteresting Budgets which have ever been presented to the House of Commons, that of 1886-7 is, perhaps, the most uninteresting. Its financial forecast is just gloomy enough to depress the mind without being sufficiently so to excite any livelier emotion; its fiscal expedients are of a character which affords to nobody either the amusement of criticism or the rarer luxury of praise. The story of Sir WILLIAM HAROURT's first, and quite possibly his last, performance in the character of Chancellor of the Exchequer is short and simple in the extreme. He has estimated for a moderate deficit, and proposes to convert it into a small surplus by another draft on the Sinking Fund. That, to use a French colloquialism, "is not gay." Moderate deficits and small surpluses are not exciting in themselves; while as to the Sinking Fund, as a source of revenue, it is beginning to take almost the same position in these annual performances as the "Infant Phenomenon" in the theatrical entertainments of Mr. VINCENT CRUMMLES. The exact situation in which it is called upon to play its accustomed part is as follows:—The actual revenue for last year was 89,581,301 l , against an estimate of 90,790,000 l ; while the expenditure, estimated at 93,617,171 l , was actually but 92,223,844 l ; so that the net deficit of the year, instead of being 2,827,171 l , as estimated, is reduced to 2,642,543 l . For the current financial year Sir WILLIAM HAROURT calculates on a revenue of 89,885,000 l , or, deducting 16,000 l in respect of his proposed reduction of the cottage beer duties, 89,869,000 l . Against this he has to put a total estimated expenditure of 90,428,499 l , leaving a deficit of 559,499 l . To meet this deficit the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER proposes to suspend the new Sinking Fund

to the extent of 613,000*l.*, and the Sinking Fund of 1881 to the extent of 205,000*l.* Thus converting the *minus* of 559,499*l.* into a *plus* of a quarter of a million.

This Budget is, as its author admits, a commonplace one, and is, no doubt, also, as he claims, a common-sense one. If we were quite safe in accepting all Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's inferences and estimates without hesitation, his speech would have answered the same description. But it is in more than one place redeemed from dulness by becoming disputable, and this is especially the case in its dealings with the most serious element in our financial situation—the condition of the spirit revenue. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER has estimated for an increase of a quarter of a million in the Excise, although there was a falling off of no less than 890,000*l.* in the yield of last year. It is obvious, of course, that, if his estimate proves too sanguine to the extent of the difference between the increase and decrease above noted, the whole structure of his Budget will come to the ground. That, however, is a matter of far less importance than the general state of things to which it will point—a fact of which Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT showed his consciousness in an energetic but not very closely-reasoned attempt to minimize the importance of the recent formidable decline under our most important head of revenue. It is, indeed, somewhat difficult to discover on this question what it is exactly that Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT would be at. He points out that the diminution in our revenue from alcoholic sources is about four and a-half—or, allowing for increase of population, more than seven—millions in the last eleven years, and that last year it was the largest ever known. There is no doubt, he says, that a great part of that decline is due to a "change in the habits of the people"; and he is equally clear that it does not arise from any "failure of the consuming power of the people." And yet, while he thus excludes the operation of a casual and transitory cause, and insists on that of a permanent and progressive cause, he still holds to the expectation that he will get a quarter of a million more from these alcoholic sources in 1886-7 than they yielded in 1885-6. If this merely implied the belief that a period of acute depression is coming to an end, and that the people will soon be able to purchase more alcoholic liquor than of late years, the estimate would be intelligible; but in that case the decline of last year *would* have been due to "a failure of the consuming powers of the people." Or if, again, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER had rejected the conclusion that the growth of temperance has caused the falling off in the Excise, he would have more justification for calculating on a prospective increase. But, if the people have been growing more temperate during the last eleven years, the probability is, we suppose, that they will continue to do so; and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT cannot at one and the same time hope to enjoy the sympathy of the teetotalers and the approval of his financial conscience. To our mind there seems to be little room for doubt that, though the steady decrease in the Spirit Duties over the period in question is, generally speaking, a result of the temperance movement, the abnormal decline of last year must have been largely due to "a failure in the consuming power of the people." Teetotalism does not advance by leaps and bounds of that sort; and we incline to think that this sudden and exceptional development of the virtue of sobriety in one particular period of twelve months was to a considerable extent the result of pressure on the pocket.

Still, it appears pretty clear that we have to reckon with a persistent progress of this "change in the habits of the people," and undoubtedly it presents a very formidable outlook for the future of our finance. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT has not much comfort to give us on this point. He certainly does not give us much by pointing out that the loss of 4½ millions sustained on alcohol has been recouped to the extent of nearly one-half by the increase in the duties on tea, tobacco, and dried fruit. As for tea, we suppose people must drink something, and if we can do no more than make up "nearly half" of the loss on alcoholic liquors" from these sources we shall still find ourselves in a sufficiently "tight place" within the next ten years or so, unless our Chancellors of the Exchequer can succeed in accomplishing the feat which has long since defied their ingenuity, and devise some new and productive form of indirect taxation. Our present CHANCELLOR appears sublimely indifferent to the problem which is before him in this matter. He turns calmly from the contemplation of a declining revenue under our largest head of indirect taxation, and says that he would "like to say a word about the Income-tax. I am able," he continued,

with all the air of a sort of financial TURVEYDROP, "to speak of this tax with great satisfaction, and I trust that Chancellors of the Exchequer may always be able to look upon that tax as their sheet-anchor of revenue." Murmurs arising at this from his ill-conditioned audience, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT kindly went on to explain that he was "far from advocating" that the Income-tax should be kept at its present height. "What I mean to say is that I hope that as a source of revenue the Income-tax may always prove stanch and solid, and that when called upon it will not fail as such a source." This generous confidence in the "stanchness" of the Income-tax is, no doubt, as flattering to that impost as it is certainly well deserved. The tax in question has undoubtedly displayed, of late years at least, one-half of the virtue attributed to the British army. It has shown itself ready when called upon to "do everything." Unfortunately it does not "go everywhere," but only to a limited class of the population, who are moreover finding themselves every year compelled to provide fresh quarters for this "stanch" servant of our CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER. Meanwhile the Income-tax payer is finding, of course to his great satisfaction as a moralist, that the contribution of the consumers of alcohol is falling off, while ever and anon the renewal of the Radical cry for a free breakfast-table threatens the further loss of the revenue upon tea. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT may be kind enough to disclaim the wish to keep the Income-tax permanently at 8*d.* in the pound; but the unfortunate Income-tax payer looks round him in vain for any hope that it will be ever reduced to the 2*d.* or 3*d.* at which it stood in days which now seem lost in the golden haze of a delightful but too distant past.

LENT IN RUSSIA.

A PROTRACTED fast, when it is strictly observed, has a very different influence on the lives of the rich and the poor. It is much pleasanter to mortify the flesh by a course of dinners composed of choice fish and exotic fruit and vegetables than to sit down to an eternal round of porridge or polenta and potatoes, to which hunger supplies the only sauce and a cured pilchard the only condiment. Indeed such a diet, if continued for six weeks, would probably prove unendurable to even the strongest stomach, and so an inexorable fate compels the cooks of all classes in the countries where fasting is generally practised to adapt themselves to the unfortunate position in which they are placed. We all know to our cost that even in England it is not every one who can cook a mutton chop or a beefsteak, yet such a simple manipulation would seem to be within the reach of most persons of moderate intellect who bestowed the necessary care and pains upon it. To tickle the dainty palates of epicures with a series of dinners from which for five days in the week meat is rigorously excluded is a harder task; indeed, it is one worthy of the highest culinary genius, and it increases our respect for the capabilities of human nature to know how often it is successfully performed. Now the problem which tests the skill of the greatest masters presents itself in a somewhat simpler form to every family cook and practical housewife in the country. As a French lady, who was married to an Englishman, once pathetically remarked to the landlady of an Italian boarding-house—her little English was the only vestige of a foreign language she could command—"men-folk will not devour continual herbage." Thackeray, with the strong common sense which characterized all his writings, has pointed out the domestic dangers of cold mutton, and dwelt upon the affections that have been blighted and the lives that have been poisoned by a too frequent indulgence in that apparently harmless dish. If such perils lie concealed in mutton, what may lurk in unvarying pulse and cabbage with the bacon left out? With the fine instinct of their sex the women perceive the threatening danger, and do their best to avert it by studying the cookery-books which contain long lists of fasting dishes, and following their directions as carefully as the priest's. These good pious souls have their reward. It is only after dwelling in districts where the fasts are generally observed that you can gauge the varied capacities of fish, or form a true idea of the manifold virtues of vegetables.

Lent is far more stringent in the Eastern than the Western Church. Milk, butter, cheese, and eggs, which are freely permitted to the Roman Catholic, are forbidden to the Orthodox. Oil has to take the place of the customary dripping, the calf is allowed to grow to something like maturity, and the porker to fatten on the diet with which at other times the children are fed. We cannot profess much compassion for the wealthy Russians. For him who has once tasted sterlet soup—as it may be, not as it always is—half the horrors of Lent are past, and in out-of-the-way inland country-houses strange receipts for cooking carp in wine and beer are preserved, which only the righteous seem to know, though sinners are quite capable of appreciating the result. Dishes of professedly the same nature are served in German inns and elsewhere, but the finer relish, which seems rather a sentiment than a flavour, is

wanting. Then the noblest kind of caviare appears in various forms, and pies of delicately-seasoned isinglass are handed round, while the highest master-works of Western cookery are imitated as closely as the exigencies of the period will permit. In fact, an English gourmet will do well to curb his coarser appetites and strictly observe the rules of the fast, or only infringe upon them in secret once a day, let us say, at breakfast or supper.

He will, however, probably find that but few of his Russian friends are ready to share his self-denial. The Court is devout, and those whose hopes are fixed upon it are consequently frequent at church and ostentatiously strict in their fasts; but religion, at least in its Orthodox form, has lost its hold on the rest of cultivated society, and it may be doubted whether its position has not been injured by the patronage it has received. An educated man who shows what in England would be considered only a decent respect for the observances of religion would in St. Petersburg be suspected of a desire of currying favour with the authorities, the charge from which, of all others, he probably shrinks; so he asserts his independence by means of ox-tail soup, or enters his protest in the form of a beef-steak. There are exceptions, of course. The old Moscow party and a considerable number of the Panslavists regard the Church of their nation as a part of their political programme, and are anxious on every public occasion to proclaim their attachment to it; while scattered all over the country there are men and women of culture and mental power who still sincerely believe its doctrines and endeavour to follow its precepts. It is not these, however, who give the tone to intellectual society; and so meat may always be had in the hotels and restaurants of the large towns; and persons are always found to consume it. Some of them have a good excuse. To dine daintily off Lenten fare is a costly matter, and those of limited income, particularly if they are unmarried men, have therefore to choose between a certain laxity of practice and considerable personal inconvenience.

The same is the case with the shopkeepers and all who form the small middle class of Russia, and among them the compromise between the stomach and the conscience is effected in one of two ways. Either the rules, as a whole, are relaxed, and, except on Friday, viands are admitted which ought, strictly speaking, to be excluded; or certain days of the week are exempted from the rigour of the law. Still, by almost all Lent is kept more strictly than it is by persons of a similar position in most Roman Catholic countries except Poland, where a close contact has led to what may be called a religious as well as a national rivalry. There is therefore here, too, a demand for dishes suitable for the fast, though the cookery cannot be said to have a very distinct character of its own. It approaches that of the rich, on the one side, and that of the peasants on the other. If it cheapens and vulgarizes the soups and pasties of the former, it elevates and refines the fungi and buckwheat of the latter. If it has a speciality, it is fish smoked or cured in delicate ways. Smoked salmon, it is true, is one of the chief ornaments of the daintiest banquets, and salted cod and pilchards, with the familiar red herring, are constant visitors at the tables of the poor; but between these there is a great middle class of fish, some of which, when properly treated, may attain to an almost aristocratic delicacy. In Russia they know how to treat them. In these hungry weeks many a comparatively humble host will place before the stranger a plate of dainties which, once having been tasted, can never be forgotten. The Russians are the most hospitable of people, yet somehow they manage to keep all their best things for themselves and their guests. Where else can one eat caviare in perfection or find an exquisite delight in the flavour of a smoked flounder? There is only one gastronomic point on which they are heretical, their deplorable weakness for sweet champagne.

The Russian peasant is said to be improvident, and it must be confessed that he is sometimes tempted to prefer a glass of vodka to the welfare of his grandchildren, or even to his own. But, however oblivious he may be to the weal of future generations, he never forgets the coming Lent. One is scarcely past before he begins to make preparation for the next, and throughout the year his forethought never wears. From spring to autumn his children range the woods in search of fungi, which are carefully dried and stored away for the great fasts, when by no means unpalatable soups are made of them instead of meat. He knows that many of these free gifts of nature which the proud Briton kicks aside as nasty toadstools are not only nutritious and wholesome, but toothsome food, and acts accordingly. When his fruit is gathered in, a part of such as can be preserved in any way with which he is acquainted is set apart for the purpose. Large jars of honey are stored away. Such apples as can be kept are selected, but their number is small, as the room at his disposal which is absolutely protected from frost is limited; others are cut into slices and dried, either in the sun or by artificial heat; the rest are treated in a manner peculiarly his own. They are packed in casks, and a mixture of hot water and rye meal is made and allowed to ferment, after which it is poured over them. When kept in this way for months the fruit loses all its sweetness, and becomes semi-transparent. In this state it is considered a welcome addition to a frugal meal, and when it is not Lent Russians of other classes frequently eat "wet apples" with roast meat, though they are rarely placed before foreigners.

With all these, and numerous other auxiliaries, however, the peasant table is but poorly spread. His staple diet consists of buckwheat, rye meal, sauerkraut, and the coarser kinds of cured fish already mentioned, and, what is worse, he is obliged to use

linseed instead of olive oil, as the little of the latter which he can afford to buy is religiously set apart for the lamps which burn before the images of the saints that adorn and protect his room. The former he makes for himself, and the flavour it imparts to all the dishes in which it is used is indescribably nauseous to those who are not accustomed to it, though the peasant and his family seem to enjoy, or at least not to object to it.

The talent of the housewife is shown by the way in which she treats and varies this simple fare. As milk is forbidden, she allows the buckwheat to simmer in water with a little salt, and when it has thoroughly swollen and the water has steamed away, she either serves it thus, or forms it into little cakes which she fries in oil. Of the rye meal she makes a porridge and a kind of scone or bannock, which may be eaten hot or rewarmed in oil—indeed, the fatal oil is present almost everywhere, even in the dish of sauerkraut and on the salted cod, and it is only the onions, which are eagerly eaten in this as at every other season, that can overcome its peculiar taste. It is, however, excluded from some of the soups. These differ widely in character, one of the best of them being made as follows:—The dried fungi are steeped until they become thoroughly soft, and then boiled in water with salt; when the soup is nearly ready it is thickened with meal, and sometimes a few onions are added. When carefully prepared, it is perhaps the best Lenten dish within the reach of the poor, and it is certainly one they greatly affect.

It will be seen that, in spite of all his own forethought and his wife's ingenuity, Lent is to the peasant a period of real deprivation, voluntarily undergone. Is it a sense of religious obligation, or superstition, or mere habit that induces him to submit to its restrictions? Probably all three combined; but in what proportion the elements are mixed, it would be difficult to say. It is one of the most hopeful signs in the contemporary life of Russia that the attention of literary men has been so strongly attracted to the mental condition of the peasants, that so many writers of talent have endeavoured to give expression to their vague thoughts, their narrow conceptions, their blind aspirations, their passions, and their prejudices. The first step towards influencing must be to understand them, and it is fortunate that this truth has been more clearly perceived by the moderate parties than by the Nihilists, or, at least, that the former have acted upon it with greater tact and consistency. But it would be too much to say that the riddle has been solved, or that it is even yet possible for any one who does not belong to their class entirely to enter into the real spiritual and emotional life of these children of the soil. Thus much, however, is clear. To the villager Lent forms a part of the natural year; it comes as regularly as summer and winter, seed-time and harvest. He knows of no country in which it is not respected; of no one, except the Jews, by whom it is not observed. Hence the idea of representing its restraints rarely if ever occurs to him, or, if it does, he rejects it at once as temptation of the Evil One. And it is well for him that he does so, since the peasant who neglected the obligation of fasting would be shunned by his neighbours as a traitor, not only to his religion, but to his class and country.

BROKEN IDOLS.

IT has been said elsewhere that the greatest speech of the meeting of last Wednesday was probably Mr. Goschen's. We do not know that this opinion conflicts with the other opinion that the most interesting speech was Lord Hartington's. Nothing more curious to the student of nature has recently been said in public than Lord Hartington's appeal to his audience not to disturb him in his admiration and reverence for Mr. Gladstone, not to question the amiable theory that the Prime Minister's treason to the Empire is an honest treason, and that the feelings which have induced Mr. Gladstone to coalesce with the party of assassination are noble and pure. Before such a protest it is impossible for any gentleman not to bow—not to acknowledge that at least the honesty, the purity, and the nobility of Lord Hartington's own sentiments are worthy of all admiration. But the utterance may not improperly be made the text—not for any such utterances as those which Lord Hartington deprecated—but for a comparison of the different attitudes of those Liberals who are at last feeling their hold on Mr. Gladstone's skirts lessening, their understanding of Mr. Gladstone's conduct becoming bewildered and confused. There is a curious difference in these attitudes, a difference well worth studying. As for the difference of the attitudes of Mr. Gladstone's professed admirers and followers, that may be curious, but is certainly not worth discussing. The prostitute lawyers who have obtained or who hope for place by following him; the puppet peers who share the inveterate and secular delusion of the feebler kind of aristocrat that by ratting to democracy they will secure at least the chance of being eaten last; the "Labour candidates" who are tempted by Mr. Broadhurst's fifteen hundred a year; the Irish members who yelled "Crucify" yesterday, and yell "Hosanna!" to-day with a perfect readiness to revert to crucifixion when it is more convenient; the wire-pullers who merely think that Mr. Gladstone's name is still a good "cry"; the journalists who are stupid enough or venal enough to echo whatever they are asked to echo; the jackal clerics who see in Mr. Gladstone a deanery or a bishopric to come and the joys of parasitism meanwhile—these may be let alone. They are still joined to their idol—for the present.

But the others, the honest men, are really interesting. Their attitudes, as has been said, differ; but they agree in one curious point. When Dickens represented the in some sort prototype of all these good folk, the amiable Tom Pinch, at last disillusioned of his fanatical cult for the prototype of Mr. Gladstone, he made the process take place all at once. Dickens's strong point was not observation of actual human nature except in certain aspects, and, after all, he might urge that Tom Pinch was intended to be a person of superhuman guilelessness and inexperience. The actual Tom Pinches of this workaday world behave somewhat differently. It is very rare that with them Pecksniff is a god one day and a fiend the next. The idol is chipped little by little; the illusion goes by degrees and greatly against the will of the deluded. So they occasionally maintain that Pecksniff is generally a saint at the same moment that they acknowledge him to be particularly a sinner. Lord Hartington, whose loyal friendship and large charity dispose him to believe even in the sincerity of Sir William Harcourt, is still certain that Mr. Gladstone's motives are noble and honest, though he is equally certain (and on this latter head he gives his reasons for certainty) that the plan which Mr. Gladstone advocates is unconstitutional, ruinous, and base. It is a pathetic contrast; surely also a most instructive one.

But there are others who, agreeing in the main with the line Lord Hartington has taken, and disagreeing wholly with the line Mr. Gladstone has taken, go further in this madness of *amare magis sed bene velle minus* than Lord Hartington. And their state is more curious and interesting still. Such persons still breathe fire and fury against all who do not believe in Mr. Gladstone, and yet at the same time abominate and execrate Mr. Gladstone's projects. They inform the public, not merely that any one who attributes bad motives, gambler's motives, to Mr. Gladstone hurts their own feelings, but that such a one shows himself perfectly destitute of political capacity, and undeserving of the slightest hearing. And then they go on with the most painful earnestness and the most transparent sincerity to show that every word urged by the persons destitute of political capacity and undeserving of the slightest hearing is an absolutely true, just, and salutary word. Mr. Gladstone has "deep conviction," though he has smothered that conviction resolutely for fifty years of political life and the greater part of twenty years of supreme power. He has applied "all the resources of a great intellect" to the matter, and all the resources of a great intellect, these interesting fanatics proceed explicitly to declare, have misled him on every conceivable point connected with the question. His speech contains "great policy" and the mark of greatness, the mark of policy is that this great politician, this man of wide intellect, this deeply convinced genius, "ignores the actual moral condition of the Irish people," and mistakes altogether the Irish character. Lord Hartington, as we have seen, wary in the very moment of his chivalry, protests a general admiration of Mr. Gladstone, and carefully avoids specifying the immediate grounds of that admiration. The simpler Gladstonian solidarians, the more naïf fanatics of the great English delusion of the nineteenth century, are less cautious. There is a story told of two living persons not entirely unknown to the public, which runs as follows. Tom, let us say, was speaking of, let us say, Jack in a mixed company. "Jack," said he, "is one of the best fellows I know, and one of my dearest friends. I don't know, mind you, that I would ever believe a word that Jack said without evidence, and I shouldn't advise any one of you to trust him with a shilling. But for all that there is no one I know that I am so fond of as Jack." It is painful to have to confess how often this little legend has occurred to the minds of certain persons when for some weeks past they have read the soul deliverances of the amiable admirers of Mr. Gladstone who have just been discussed.

In face of such a singular state of things, there is nothing to do but to fall back upon the wisdom of the ancients, and to acknowledge the truth of the warning "keep yourselves from idols." Even Lord Hartington, as has been seen—one of the coolest and most sensible of men—in the very act of acknowledging that the idol is in the highest degree maleficent, protests against the notion that it is malevolent. Others, a little less distinguished by worldly wisdom, no doubt, but equally without doubt estimable persons of the best intentions, of much converse with books, and of some converse with men, go further still. They, too, revolt against the idolatrous oracles. But they will not have a word said against the idol, broken though he be in all men's sight. They hug the pieces, they denounce the wicked men who say that Dagon is Dagon, an unclean graven image and no god. It is because Dagon is so very good that he has got this fatal fall—because he is, like the 'Badian, "really too brave," that he is in danger of experiencing this fatal defeat. They are apparently ignorant of the very simple fact that idols more than other things must be trusted not at all or all in all—that a leader of the people who could be guilty of such conduct as they themselves ascribe to him with their adoring lips is condemned as a leader of the people for ever and ever. If a man after some thirteen years Prime Minister of Ireland, after three great measures intended to satisfy Irish desires, after years of inquiry and debate on every conceivable sort of Irish question, is ignorant of the actual condition of the Irish people, what worse thing can be said of him? In fact, are not these pious devotees committing a much worse blasphemy against their idol than any of us, the uncircumcised, dares to commit? We deny his divinity; they assert it and resist it. We say that a reckless and selfish politician is acting after the kind to which he has shown himself to belong for forty years; they say that the

best, the wisest, the greatest of statesmen must be baulked of his will in the very crowning project of his career. We say, "Stop thief!" they cry, "Arrest this honestest of men!"

These extraordinary contradictions are, of course, but the natural outcome of a thing so unnatural and so extraordinary as Gladstonianism. Beginning in unreason, it leads to unreason; based on a blunder, it topples at last into endless confusions. For Lord Hartington there is, indeed, a way of escape; for when he entered political life this strange modern madness was hardly known, and his adherence to Mr. Gladstone, mistaken as we must hold it to have been in many an instance, was the consequence as much at least of adherence to a definite political and party theory as of mere pinning faith on a single man. Mr. Gladstone has been false to his principles, and those principles themselves authorize Lord Hartington in leaving Mr. Gladstone; while his attempt to defend his chief's motives is the attempt of a good knight and an honest man. But for the mere idolaters the situation is different. The whole defence, the whole reason of their political conduct has long been that Mr. Gladstone was infallible, and his fallibility once admitted, the foundations of the solid earth are loosed under them. It is difficult in sober prose to tell their woes, though those woes are evident enough in the welterings of confusion and self-contradiction wherein they are engaged. "There is no God but Allah, and Mahomet is his Prophet" gave a coherent and, for a time at least, a conquering creed. But only conceive the effect of conviction for any time that, though there is no God but Allah, Mahomet is not his Prophet! For that it seems is what the ultra-Gladstonian is driven to repeat as his *credo* at this moment. Over which very hideous state of things let no man rejoice overmuch. "But for the grace of the upper powers" let us all think as we read these distracted attempts to make political asymptotes coincide, "there goes any one of us." Perhaps the broken idols will get themselves at last swept up, and a saner worship will be introduced. Meanwhile it is, at any rate, cheerful to think that the idols are broke in the temple of Baal, and that some light is coming through the thick darkness, the worse than Egyptian night, of twenty years of Gladstonianism.

THE GOOD ENGLISH BACKSWORD.

II. BACKSWORD AND SMALLSWORD.

UNDER a king like the first James, who abominated the sight of a naked sword, all that remained of the privileges of the old Corporation of Masters of Fences rapidly crumbled down; and, accordingly, whilst the young cavalier continued to patronize the foreign fencing-schools, the old original masters of defence were heard of much more in connexion with Alsacia and such places than with the Court. From that period until the middle of the eighteenth century, it may be said that they were nothing if not gladiators, for the prize-fight and its attendant glories were the only means left to them of keeping themselves before the public. Nevertheless solid swordplay did not degenerate at their hands. When the buckler finally went out of fashion in England, a simple and sound method for the national backsword—that "short weapon of perfect length" on which G. Silver insists so much—was evolved, whose practical value was tested and perfected during a hundred and fifty years of *stage-fighting*, as such prize meetings were called in later days.

It was especially under the Merry Monarch that the stage-fight came much to the fore as a sport. Previously this gory performance had been more or less confined to the bear-gardens, as an alternative to the various kinds of baiting; but now it rapidly became so fashionable, and withal so lucrative, that gladiators' fights could be witnessed in most parts of London, not only at Bartholomew and May Fairs, but in taverns in the Strand and in Holborn, and in many playhouses as well as at the masters' own amphitheatres. Judging from the numerous contemporary accounts to be gathered from Mr. Pepys's Diary, the travelling experiences of Misson, Jorevin de Rochechort, and others, and the pages of the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian*, the gladiators spared not their blood nor their efforts to merit the plaudits of the spectators, and earn the gate-money and the coin that was thrown to them on the stage. It was mainly to the stage-fight—pace Sir W. Hope and his *Observations on Gladiator's Stage-Fighting*, 1692—that we owe that prudent, but severe and sturdy, English broadsword play which always was, and is still, the soundest in Europe.

As a system it found its best practical exponent in the renowned Figg, the scornful gladiator "who never left the stage to any man" and who, in his own world, was one of the shining lights of Queen Anne's days. But Figg's genius for fighting was indirectly the cause of the decline and fall of the backsword as a gladiatorial weapon, for he may be said to have been the first who really brought boxing into favour. Indeed, the great Figg is now better known to lovers of the fistic art as the first Champion of England than as the "Atlas of the Sword," to use Captain Godfrey's enthusiastic expression. After his time pugilistic encounters gradually but surely drove backswording out of fashion, and it is curious to observe how completely prizefighting with *sharps* was forsaken after the first half of the last century. So much so that Dr. Johnson, who found in the Scottish sword-play one of the few things he could admire north of the Tweed, could say during his tour to the Hebrides:—"I am sorry that prize-fighting is gone out; every art should be preserved . . . it made

people accustomed not to be alarmed at seeing their own blood or feeling a little pain from a wound." This would tend to show that the challenging fencing master was then quite a thing of the past.

With the growth of boxing as a gladiatorial art the renown and importance of English fencing-masters considerably diminished, and the true art of backswording was more and more neglected by the better class of teachers in favour of the French foil; but under the disguise of cudgelling it remained in favour among the people, more especially in rural districts. In this manner backswording, like so many other old-fashioned things, by becoming narrowly specialized, gradually assumed a very different meaning. It was during the last quarter of the eighteenth century that this singular schism took place in the national swordsmanship. The ancient cutting-play, with its lunging, retiring, traversing, and improved by the admission of the point, was preserved under the vernacular of "Spadrooning" as a more or less military system of fence. But side by side with it grew and was sedulously practised a curious system, much in vogue for the purpose of a milder kind of prize-fighting, which retained the name of "backswording." This was the "singlestick" or "backsword" play in its restricted sense, which some still remember to have witnessed in their young days.

The evolution of this game, extraordinary as it may seem, is easy enough to follow if we start from the fact that a cudgelling match, for love or for a stake, was at first mostly conducted on the lines of those glorious contests on the London stage. Now the only decisive sign of defeat in a bout at sharps was the appearance of blood on any part of the body; with cudgels, however, or singlesticks it was found difficult, if not impossible, to draw blood, except from the head. Hence the infliction of a bloody—technically a "broken"—head on the adversary was the main object of the match, and, consequently, most of the blows were aimed at that part. Another point to keep sight of is this; although it would have been very unsound fencing to attempt to stop a *sword* with hand or arm—after the manner, for instance, practised in ancient foil-play—with cudgels, as the chief care of the player was to guard his head and crack his adversary's, he very soon realized the advantages of stopping a blow with his arm, in the hope of effecting a successful counter at the same moment.

The free use of the left arm soon proved somewhat objectionable; as unprincipled cudgellers would sometimes seize and detain the adverse weapon and convert the whole contest into a mere rough-and-tumble affair. It then became the rule that, although the arm might be used for parrying, the position of the hand should be fixed by grasping the belt. Finally, the belt or a hand-kerchief was passed under the thigh and tied in a loop of such length that, when it was firmly grasped with the left hand, the elbow could just be raised as high as the crown.

Under such conditions there could be no question of lunging or retiring, and consequently the adepts of this ungraceful art, when intent on winning a stake or a new gold-laced hat by breaking a head, had to stand squarely to each other and within close measure. Starting from a high hanging guard, keeping their hand as high as possible, and covering the left side of their head with their raised elbow, they belaboured each other with their basket-hilted cudgels until blood made its appearance, when the seconds would stop the fight to see whether at least an inch of the crimson token of defeat could be measured. Long practical experience having proved how difficult it is to draw blood out of a man's head by a heavy round blow, the expert player's chief aim was to find or create an opportunity for a "flip" at the head or face which would tear the skin. He might be content with trying to overcome his adversary by scientific traversing and superior quickness of eye and hand, or he might attempt to compel him to lower his guard or his elbow by merciless cuts on the ribs or shoulders. In the latter case, however, he risked receiving the fatal flip himself should his opponent have the fortitude to disregard all body-cuts, so as to be ready to profit by the slightest opening.

It seems that good backswordsmen, after a shake-hand and a "God preserve our eyes!" used to take the most terrific punishment with apparent unconcern. Under such conditions a single bout would often last half an hour and more without a blood. There was as much scope for endurance in this kind of prize-fighting as in pugilism; and with reference to this point a peculiar physiological fact may be noticed—the same men who cheerfully received about the head blows that would stun ordinary men were usually observed to stagger and fall heavily as soon as a triumphant flip burst the skin and let out the blood.

"Backswording," albeit once so very popular a characteristic, is now quite forgotten, even in the most remote parts of England. In relation to fencing proper it is but a kind of "patois," so to speak, and has no literature. Its very traditions never found their way into print until they were well nigh forgotten, and then only occupied a small corner of a small book on *Defensive Exercises* by one Walker, a retired sergeant of foot. All that is known of it now is from tradition, a few contemporary drawings, and the short accounts found in *Hone's Everyday Book* and *Tom Brown's School Days*.

Of the broadsword proper, however, there have been, perhaps, if not more numerous, certainly better works in the English than in any other language. We need not refer the reader to venerable works like those of Donald McBane, who, after retiring from war's labours under Marlborough, seems to have shared with the renowned Machrie the arduous duties of "judge and arbitrator of all who make publick trial of skill in the noble art of the sword within the kingdom of Scotland"; nor W. Page, nor Andrew

Lonnergan or Roworth. Among the latest there is one of unpretending size which sums up the question; for the art of the sabre is one the perfection of which lies in simplicity, and that kind of simplicity is found in Waite's *Sabre Practice*.

Public trials with the single-stick, and without other protection than a mask, have sometimes taken place in this century. When, as in the case of the annual Scottish games that used to take place in Holland Park, the number of cuts allowed was very limited, such encounters might perhaps only be looked upon as matches. But in some assaults victory was only awarded to the man who scored the first fifty or hundred, or any other high number of hits; in such cases the entertainment partook of many characteristics of the stage-fights of the Queen Anne period.

The last of these single-stick matches, or prizefights, took place only ten years ago in Islington Hall between a corporal-major of the Blues and John Galpin (who fought under the pseudonym of Smith), once an assistant in Angelo's rooms, and whose name is familiar enough to many Cambridge men with a taste for pugilism and the baculine art. The meeting was the result of a grandiloquent challenge emanating from the former, and the bouts were fought in tights and silk jerseys. After receiving sixty-four hits to twenty-one given, during the application of which seventeen sticks were broken on the quivering flesh, the Horseguardsman "left the stage" and abandoned his stake to the victor.

Even in such a cursory review of the history of English swordsmanship we can catch a glimpse of some of the causes of its present decay. During the long period of antagonism between thrusting and cutting plays English masters stuck as a rule to their preference for the backsword, thus leaving the field of small-sword tuition to foreign nimblewrist. And so when in the course of time change of manners deprived the native swordsman of his important position, and smallsword play came to be cultivated as a refined art, there was no genuine English "school" fit to meet the demands adequately of fencing-room devotees. Hence the fact that now, just as in the days of Angelo and Olivier Roland and Guzman Rolando, the best teachers of this *Ars longa* are still either foreigners or men who have had the perseverance to learn its practice abroad.

PRIME MINISTERS AND CABINETS.

THE speeches of Mr. Trevelyan and Mr. Chamberlain throw much light on a dark place—the internal economy of the Cabinet. That body, according to a phrase much employed still by text-writers, is unknown to the Constitution, which is equally ignorant of the existence of any such personage as the Prime Minister. Writers on the Constitution are usually unacquainted with its practical working. They habitually describe it as it was a generation ago. They derive their authority from previous text-writers equally in arrears. They seek the living among the dead. The British Constitution, not in its form but in its vital forces and operative parts, is in a constant state of flux and transition. Its ready adaptation to the conditions of political society is its unique merit, giving it excellences which are necessarily wanting to systems based upon charters or organic laws. While it is described it is being modified, and the portrait ceases to be precisely true in the act of drawing it. A formal protest of the Lords in Walpole's time denounced the existence of a Prime Minister, and still more of a Sole Minister, as illegal and unconstitutional. Walpole indignantly disclaimed either character for himself. Lord North, as his daughter records, would never allow himself to be called First Minister. The title, he considered, involved a usurpation of functions and a claim to precedence which had no basis. During the two Administrations of Mr. Pitt and the intercalary, or, to use a plainer word, the stop-gap Administration of Mr. Addington, both of whom combined the posts of First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, the title of office by which they were known in Parliamentary debate, and in correspondence with the King, was that of Chancellor of the Exchequer, not Prime Minister or even First Lord of the Treasury. Still, the fact that the head of the Government as early as the eighteenth century was sometimes spoken of in the singular number and with the definite article, as The Minister, is conclusive that usage and good sense took cognizance of a fact which constitutional pedantry and scruple refused to admit.

The first formal recognition, so far as we are aware, of the rank of Prime Minister is contained in the recital in the opening clause of the Treaty of Berlin of the names of the Plenipotentiaries representing the several Powers who negotiated that instrument. Lord Beaconsfield is described, after the usual solemn array of titles, as First Lord of Her Majesty's Treasury, Prime Minister of England. Up to this time, it might have been contended, by the sticklers for obsolete forms, that a practical Primacy, unacknowledged by law, was conceded in each Administration to the First Lord of the Treasury. The addition of the words "Prime Minister of England" to the designation of office recognized it as a separate rank, accidentally associated with the department over which Lord Beaconsfield presided. The casual character of this association, and the existence of a separate office of Prime Minister, were further confirmed when Lord Salisbury combined it, for the first time, with the Secretaryship of State for Foreign Affairs. Henceforward it may be considered that the Prime Minister, as such, has a position of his own in the Government, which he may unite with any administrative

department which he chooses to fill, or may hold, if he choose, without portfolio. Lord Macaulay speaks, indeed, of the elder Pitt and the Duke of Newcastle as having been co-ordinate chief Ministers in the Administration which George III. on his accession found in office, and in which the Duke was First Lord of the Treasury and his colleague Secretary of State. But this statement confounds political importance with titular rank. The same may be said of the contention that Chatham, as Privy Seal, was Prime Minister in the Grafton Administration, and Charles James Fox, as Foreign Secretary, in that of Lord Grenville. The responsibility of the Prime Minister is such and so great as to make the recognition of the place he holds in the Constitution desirable and even necessary. Lord Beaconsfield, in causing himself to be described, in the enumeration of Plenipotentiaries at Berlin, as Prime Minister of England, showed a characteristic good sense and contempt of the conventional prudery which made Lord North stumble at the recognition.

On a critical occasion in his domestic affairs Mr. Bumble, being informed that the law held certain views as to marital authority and responsibility, replied bitterly that, if the law thought that, the law was an ass and an idiot, and all that he wished was that its eyes might be opened by experience. Similar terms of reproach might be applied to the Constitution on the assumption that it knows nothing of the existence of the Cabinet. If this be so, its eyes are incapable of being opened by experience, and it has made small progress in that valuable branch of knowledge, the knowledge of one's self. A notification that "Her Majesty's Servants" will meet at a certain place and time—much as if they were performers at Drury Lane called for rehearsal—is, we believe, the form which the summons to a Cabinet Council takes. The notification to the public, when a Ministry is formed or modified, of the personal composition of the Cabinet; the distinction drawn between those members of the Government who have place in it and those who are without; the recognition of the former as in a special degree the "confidential servants of the Crown," and the practical restriction to them of collective Ministerial responsibility—these things bring the Cabinet within the acknowledged sphere of the law and the Constitution. When Lord Ellenborough, then Lord Chief-Justice of England, was brought into the Grenville-Fox Administration, through the personal influence of Lord Sidmouth, condemnatory resolutions were moved in both Houses. That proposed in the Lords recited that it was "highly inexpedient to summon to any committee or assembly of the Privy Council any of the Judges of Her Majesty's Courts of Common Law." That proposed in the Commons declared that "the function of a Minister of State, and of a confidential adviser of the executive measures of the Government, should be kept distinct and separate from that of a judge at common law." These resolutions were supported by the highly Conservative authorities of Lord Eldon and Lord Hawkesbury in the one House, and of Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning in the other. They pooh-poohed the doctrine that the Cabinet was unknown to the Constitution, and that therefore, on the principle *de non apparentibus et non existentibus eadem est ratio*, cognizance could not be taken of the admission of a particular officer to an unknown and formally non-existing body. Both Houses rejected the censure; but it does not follow, as Sir George Lewis and Lord Macaulay urge, that, in declining to condemn a particular appointment to the Cabinet, the two Houses of Parliament necessarily ignored its existence.

Between 1806 and 1886 a good many things have happened; and probably few persons would refuse to acknowledge now the fact that the Cabinet is an important, perhaps the most important, element in our constitutional system. Theory, however, is always in arrear of fact. The Cabinet gets recognized as a body known to the Constitution at the time when real power is being withdrawn from it to another body not known to the Constitution. The Cabinet in its origin was a cabal within the Privy Council, a coterie of members of that body acting together and in concert with the King, for purposes and in a manner not communicated to the Privy Council at large. So we have now, within the Cabinet, an inner Cabinet, whose members are not formally summoned as Her Majesty's Servants, but who meet and decide the questions which shall be submitted to the larger body, and the answers which shall be given to them, the measures which shall be introduced, and the form in which they shall be shaped, the policy to be followed, and the steps for its execution. For the King's Friends of Burke's time, we have the Minister's Friends, and the back-stairs are not those of Windsor or St. James's, but the Treasury or the Foreign Office. Mr. Trevelyan entered Mr. Gladstone's Ministry with the expectation that he and those who thought with him would be allowed to "knock the measure about in the Cabinet," and mould it into some shape in which they might accept it. Mr. Chamberlain thought that the inquiry, which was the condition on which he entered the Government, would be undertaken by Mr. Gladstone in concert with his colleagues. "I imagined that it was intended to proceed with the examination step by step in the Cabinet, and that after full consultation we were all to be called on to endeavour to build up some scheme which would fulfil the intentions of the Prime Minister." But Mr. Chamberlain, like Mr. Trevelyan, presently found out that he had "misunderstood his right honourable friend in this particular." Mr. Gladstone was a blessed Glendoveer—'twas his to speak and theirs to hear. He both proposed and disposed. This Inner Cabinet, consisting not of Her Majesty's confidential servants, but of the Minister and his confidential friends, is, of course, by no means a new invention. Lord Malmesbury—the first, not the third,

earl—during the negotiations for peace with France which he carried on at Paris and Lisle in the beginning of the century, wrote two sets of despatches, one set meaning real business being shown only to Pitt and Grenville, another meaning nothing in particular being written for the Cabinet at large, and usually so copied as to be almost illegible. Besides this, there was the device of "most private correspondence," in which truth too true for the *vérité vraie* of the Pitt-Grenville despatches was confided, through Canning, to Pitt alone, to the exclusion of Grenville himself, then Secretary for Foreign Affairs. The swollen Cabinets of later days, which have been enlarged from six or seven to sixteen or seventeen, and in which, through the need of acknowledging "claims" and "fairly representing all sections of the party," many wholly inconsiderable persons have places, make the Inner Cabinet of three or four almost inevitable. The result is that a scheme which is not that of the Cabinet as a whole, and which has never been placed before the constituencies or submitted to preliminary discussion in the House of Commons, may exploded with little warning on Parliament and the country. The influence of a Prime Minister, as of a Sole Minister, may attempt a surprise of the national judgment, which in its turn may surprise a too-confident Minister.

PLOVERS.

ALTHOUGH, strictly speaking, there are three kinds of plover that may be classed as British birds, the green plover, lapwing, or peewit, and the golden plover, are the only varieties of the genus that need be considered for practical purposes. The grey plover is so rare as to be almost unknown, except in a few isolated districts, and it would be difficult to lay hands upon a single specimen at any given moment. But, despite the advances of civilization, the reclamation of waste lands, and the gradual contraction of the favourite haunts of wild birds in general, the numbers of green and golden plover to be found in these islands do not appear to have diminished to any very great extent, and they still constitute a by no means unimportant item in the poulterer's game-list.

From the ordinary sportsman's point of view, the common lapwing or peewit can scarcely be held to claim any serious attention. But the rarer golden plover, with its beautifully-marked plumage, its weird, mournful whistle, and its general association with wild sporting scenes, to say nothing of its high reputation as a "second course," is always looked upon as a welcome variety in the most aristocratic bag. There are few grouse-shooters who, when diligently tramping out their allotted portion of heather during the latter part of August or September, do not hail with delight the well-known whistle overhead, or the sudden gleam in the sunlight of a phalanx of silvery bodies as they wheel in their rapid flight round some hillside. And then the excitement of creeping up within shot! The birds invariably select some bare and exposed place upon which to alight, and it is generally, therefore, almost impossible to approach them from under cover. The best way is to walk at them rapidly in a gradually narrowing circle; and, if there are two guns available, one on each side, it is quite likely that they will get up within shot of one at least. The worst of it is that under such circumstances it is difficult to avoid firing "into the brown," a proceeding distasteful to any true sportsman; and, although half a dozen or more may fall to a double shot, as many more will perhaps be seen to go away wounded, one or two of which will probably fall at such a distance as to render it impossible to find them. But, as they always fly closely packed together, it is of little use to aim at one single bird, and they must either be "browned" or let alone. If by chance a single bird does come over, as occasionally happens, especially during a grouse drive, he affords a very difficult and sporting shot; for his flight, without being as twisting as that of a snipe, is even more rapid and darting, and, if going down wind, he is over and gone like a flash of lightning. Golden plover, like many other wild birds, will come readily to a decoy. The best way of attracting them is to have a number of dummies cut out in tin, the exact size of the bird in profile, and painted in the proper colours, with one long leg of stiff wire. These, if properly got up, and stuck about in the ground as if feeding, will have a wonderfully lifelike appearance when viewed sideways, and will completely take in the living bird. They should be planted in any open space to which plovers resort, and within gunshot of some cover, where the sportsman should be concealed, provided with a call, wherewith, when he sees a flock of plovers in the air, he must set to work diligently to imitate their cry. If he is clever at this, he will soon elicit a response; and, on catching sight of the dummy birds on the ground, the flock will swoop down to join them. They will generally make two or three wheels before alighting, each one bringing them nearer and nearer; and, when they are getting close to the ground, and packed thickly together, two barrels of No. 7 shot will work great destruction. This method of plover-shooting, although not much known or resorted to in this country, is practised extensively in some parts of North America, where enormous flocks of golden plover are to be found at certain seasons. In Prince Edward's Island, at the mouth of the St. Lawrence, in particular, which seems a favourite halting-place for the birds during their annual southern migration, immense numbers are secured in this manner, either by gun or net, for the markets of the United States. The

[April 17, 1886.]

latter is in some cases the simplest process; for, where the nature of the ground permits, a large clap-net, by means of which, if judiciously managed, the best part of a whole flock may be bagged at one haul, will answer even better than a gun.

The green plover, although, as we have already observed, held in but little account by the average shooter, is by no means altogether to be despised, either from a sporting or a gastronomic point of view. Where there is plenty of other game, he will generally be allowed to hover around without a thought being given to him; and in all probability there will scarcely be one out of an ordinary shooting party who realizes the fact that, if killed, he is worth eating. But, although by no means equal in all respects to his more aristocratic and more showy cousin of the golden wing, there are times when he runs him very close. When driven by stress of weather to the sea-shore and the mudbanks of tidal rivers, he is undoubtedly apt to become a trifle rank and fishy; but as long as he is able to pick up a living on the uplands, he is a delicate morsel enough, and there can be no doubt that half the birds sold as golden plovers are merely the green variety, the precaution being taken of plucking them before sale in order to avoid inconvenient remarks. And though, strictly speaking, he can hardly be called such a wild bird as the golden plover, he is just as difficult to approach, and has the most accurate ideas as to the range of an ordinary fowling-piece. Observe a flock of green plover in a field by the roadside. They will remain within ten yards of the hedge, and take not the smallest notice of persons or carriages passing along the road; but should any one attempt to enter the field who in their opinion has no direct business there (and they have an extraordinary instinct in such matters) they will be up and away in a moment. The only chance of getting at them under such circumstances is either by a careful stalk, which can occasionally be managed from behind a thick hedge or a stone wall, or else by concealing yourself behind the aforesaid hedge or wall, and getting some one to advance from the opposite direction with the view of driving them over your head. But they are exceedingly difficult birds to drive, and the chances are that, instead of coming over within reasonable distance, they will soar high up in the air and fly away in the most aggravating manner to one side. Even if a bird does come within shot, he is by no means so easy to hit as he looks; for, although his flight is comparatively slow, he very seldom travels in a straight line, and his succession of jerks or tumbles from side to side makes it extremely difficult to take a steady aim. In one respect he offers a more sporting shot than the golden plover, as, although his habit is also to fly in flocks, they are not so dense or compact, and a single bird may generally be killed without touching another. Green plovers are also easily decoyed and caught in nets, and most of those exposed for sale in poulters' shops are doubtless procured in this manner. The decoy in this case, however, is usually a living bird tethered by a string, so as to enable it to move about freely on the ground; and any other birds flying near, whether singly or in flocks, are almost certain to be enticed down.

But perhaps the most satisfactory and sportsmanlike way of killing plovers, although it cannot be pursued with any degree of certainty, is to lie in wait for them as they pass from one feeding-ground to another. Flight-shooting, indeed, whether the object be plovers, ducks, curlews, or any other wild birds, may be said to represent the poetry of this branch of sport. There are few more delightful things to a man who combines the natural instincts of a sportsman with an appreciation of the beauties of wild, or perhaps, more strictly speaking, out-of-the-way, scenery than to take up a post some grey afternoon in late autumn or winter where there is a good chance of intercepting some of these birds when on the wing. It may be in some marsh at the estuary of a river, where the flowing tide is stealthily but rapidly covering up tracts of ooze which at low water have supplied a succulent repast for various species of waders and shore-birds, now driven inland or further up the stream. Or it may be in the vicinity of some pool or mere which, owing to a stream of running water or to some other frost-resisting influence, has remained open when everything else around in the form of water is frozen hard, and to which, especially towards evening, whatever wildfowl there may chance to be in the district are pretty certain to be attracted. Established in such a position, the contemplative sportsman, provided that he has been able to arrange a fairly comfortable shelter and that the weather is not too severe, will find much to delight him. The view, such as it is, may be in itself tame and uninteresting, and devoid of any special feature or colouring. But there is something of quiet beauty, nevertheless, in the aspect even of a "salting" or "level" under a grey November sky; and as the afternoon wears on, and the pools and ditches begin to stand out brightly in the dark setting of marshland, while a red glow creeps up in the horizon, and the wind, rising with the tide, moans fitfully among the bulrushes, there will be quite enough of the picturesque to suggest a study for an artist or a theme for a poet, should our sportsman be at all inclined either way. He will listen to the distant surge of the sea, concealed perhaps from his view by a river wall or embankment, and the peculiar hissing sound of the advancing tide as it steals over the mud-flats; while the cries of the various wild birds as they are driven by degrees from their feeding-grounds come nearer and nearer, and warn him to keep on the alert. Suddenly a rush of wings is heard, and a flock of dunlin or sandpipers sweeps by like a flash of lightning, to disappear before the gun can be brought to bear upon them, even if such small game be thought worth notice. The other birds will soon

begin to move, and the plover, if there are any among them, will probably be the first to come over. Now is the time for a really sporting shot. The peewits will come along in twos and threes, affording such a chance of a nice right and left as will never be got at any other time; to be followed perhaps by some curlews or golden plover, and possibly the welcome apparition of a mallard or a couple of widgeon. These last, however, are not to be looked for everywhere, and the "shore-shooter" will, as a rule, have to content himself with shore-birds. But if he can succeed after a few hours on the salttings in bagging a curlew or two and half a dozen plover, he may consider himself to have had a very fair afternoon's sport, and may go on his way rejoicing. Plovers, in fact, may be said to constitute a sort of link between regular and irregular sport. To the well-to-do owner or lessee of a moor or manor, a golden plover is always highly acceptable; while by the humbler shore-shooter or occasional sportsman he is looked upon as a rare prize, that will make all the difference between a bad and a successful day. The same may perhaps be said of ducks and certain other wild fowl; but, whereas a wild duck is quarry only to be met with by the shore-shooter under exceptional circumstances, there are many unpreserved places where, at certain times of year, golden plover are by no means uncommon; and there are few salttings or marshlands on the sea-coast where green plover may not be seen, at any rate. Not being game birds, they are a legitimate prey to any one licensed to carry a gun, provided that they are killed at the proper season and that no trespass is committed in going after them; and no one who has not had an occasional day of this kind can thoroughly understand or appreciate the keen sense of delight experienced in securing a bird or two of this description by the humble gunner whose means only admit of such sport as is to be found on unpreserved marshes or sea-coast, but who may, for all that, be just as much a sportsman at heart as the man who has thousands of acres to shoot over.

Considering the enormous number of plovers' (peewit's) eggs that are annually consumed in London and elsewhere throughout the kingdom, it seems wonderful that there should be any plovers left at all. A great many that are sold as such are well known to be the eggs of a peculiar species of gull, and other eggs are no doubt sometimes substituted; but many thousands of *bond fide* plover's eggs are collected every spring, and yet there seems to be no serious diminution in the number of birds. The reason probably is that the largest breeding-grounds are in remote and isolated districts where it is not worth the while of the natives to collect the eggs for sale, and a supply of birds is therefore maintained, which, as the year advances, gradually scatter themselves all over the country.

A LISZT CONCERT.

CONSIDERING the prestige of his name, and that he has charmed and astonished all the great men of the century from Beethoven downwards, it is no wonder that a vast and enthusiastic audience assembled last Saturday at the Crystal Palace to see Franz Liszt and to hear his music; and it is still less surprising that on parade, as it were, before so illustrious a veteran, the orchestra should have played with a fire and a verve unusual anywhere. We have never heard them dash into anything with such spirit as they did into the master's arrangement of the *Rákóczi Marsch*, which served as overture. The sharpness and *ensemble* of the violins in the pauses and attacks and the sureness of the heavy wind gave great vigour to the lively music of the first section. The piano part of the second was mysterious and well graded, and the crescendo advanced by strong and ponderous strides to the re-entry of the first theme. Very pictorial in its intention is the third of Liszt's *Symphonic Poems*—the one inspired by Lamartine's *Préludes*. It contains a good many changes of time, and is not based upon any classical or formal arrangement. A vague and wandering Andante enters on the strings, and leads to a grand entry of the trombones and heavy brass, which Liszt generally manages well on a big swinging rhythm. The melodies then become more varied and expressive, though they continue to preserve a calm effect. The cellos introduce a nobly pathetic air; fine effects of muted strings, harp arpeggios, and ethereal bell-like notes from the horn contribute to make the colour richer and more resonant. Then the entire character of the movement changes; the time quickens, the orchestra begins to rise, the strings whistle like the wind, the heavy brass comes crashing in, and the sound-picture of a storm is complete. But a soft interlude on the wood wind brings in another section in lovely contrast. Harp arpeggios are followed by a melodious conversation between the horn, clarinet, and oboe till the violins enter with a sort of hymn, contrapuntally treated, and full of a noble sentiment. The powerful and stirring conclusion, *Allegro marziale*, alive with string rushes and trumpet fanfares, appeals more directly than anything to the natural passion for excitement. Among the school of romantic musicians to which he belongs, Liszt, if less passionate and profound than some, is as tuneful and full of colour as any.

His *Mazepa*, a musical commentary on Hugo's poem, begins with a rush of vigorous triplets descriptive of the legendary ride. A combination of precision and fire in the orchestra produced a fine rendering of this music, which positively seethes with energy. Little piccolo flourishes and rapid flights of violins top the riot with their sharp and acute bustle, till the whole weight of the orchestra plunges on to the main motive with an irresistible and

maddened fury. Astonishment, however, rather than horror or emotion is caused by this too pictorial description of the physical facts of the ride: The *Andante*, a melancholy, wailing movement, chiefly on the strings, is more sympathetic, and is in fine relief to the trumpet fanfare which breaks in upon it and heralds the last movement. The ensuing interlude is far from gloomy, as its musical purpose is to prepare for the almost joyous figures of the *Allegro marziale*.

Last of all came the fourth *Hungarian Rhapsody*, dedicated to Count Teleki. Though Liszt may not show himself so powerful in the use of an orchestra or so advanced in his theories, according to the lovers of programme music, as in such work as *Mozzetta* and the *Symphonic Poems*, yet in some of his tuneful *Rhapsodies* he has approached nearer to the independent beauty of pure music and has secured a larger circle of admirers. The work begins with a remarkable passage for the trumpet, accompanied by trombones and strings, which is heard twice again, once with a singular effect of solemnity on the lower strings. The second and quicker portion of the *Rhapsody* is the more fascinating; some of the melodies are so captivating in their vivacity that it is difficult to keep still whilst hearing them. Strong staccato effects and the sound of sharply-plucked strings are hurried along, as it were, on a tide of liquid, gurgling melody.

Herr Bernhard Stavenhagen—like all good pianists, a pupil of Liszt—made his first appearance in England in his master's *Piano Concerto* (No. I.) in E flat. First, a savagely furious theme enters on the full force of the strings, and is afterwards thumped out by the soloist in tremendous octaves with both hands. Then a gentler passage leads to the melodious runs and forcible cantabile of the *Quasi Adagio*, a beautiful movement which was played with a liquid and expressive touch. The *Allegretto* is real Liszt—lively, tinkling, and vivacious. Herr Stavenhagen handled the piano very delicately; his light staccato notes, like bells, were in delightful contrast with his rapid and sonorous octaves. The whole movement, though full of a nervous sort of activity, is elegantly capricious in character; the orchestral colour shoots through a thousand delicate shades of change, and teems with the fairy-like tinkling of triangles. The *Finale* begins with an immense crescendo, and passes into an extraordinary dialogue between piano and orchestra. Its varied brilliance—of agile staccato, involved syncopation, and passages of rapid thunder—was wonderfully rendered on the piano, and enthusiastically applauded. Herr Stavenhagen's solos were Liszt's *Liebestraum* (No. I.) in A flat, and his *Fantaisie Dramatique sur les Huguenots*. The first was no meaningless parade of technical ability; its beautiful cantabile passages were treated with a touch at once precise and expressive. The second is quite another thing; excessively long, it almost exhausts the hearer with a maddening succession of *tours de force*, which culminates in a startling treatment of the chorale motive. It was played with an astonishing variety of touch and a colossal energy, but it would strain the powers of the great virtuoso himself, and in the hands of a less enthusiastic player than Herr Stavenhagen could hardly fail to become wearisome.

Miss Liza Lehmann, who, with an exquisite sensibility, possesses a light but smooth and pure voice, gave a tender and sympathetic rendering of the songs "Die Lorelei" and "Es muss ein Wunderbares sein." Throughout the applause, the interest, the excitement were of a type to satisfy even Liszt, who has grown old amid the acclamations of the world.

THE PROPOSED CONVERSION OF THE DOMAIN AND DAIRA LOANS.

As the negotiations for the conversion of the Domain and Daira Loans have reached a point at which it is found necessary to send back Mr. Edgar Vincent for further instructions from the Egyptian Government, it may be interesting to explain what the proposed conversion is. It will doubtless be in the recollection of our readers that certain lands, called respectively Daira and Domain lands, were in the possession of the ex-Khedive and his family. While the ex-Khedive was on the throne he mortgaged the Daira lands to his creditors, and since his deposition the Domain lands have been surrendered by the Khedivial family, and another loan has been raised on their security. By the Commission of Liquidation it was decided that, if the Daira lands did not yield enough to pay 4 per cent. upon the Daira bonds, the State should make good the difference; but that, if the Daira lands yielded enough to pay 5 per cent., the 5 per cent. should be received by the bondholders. As a matter of fact, the Daira lands have never since yielded enough to pay the 4 per cent., and the deficiency has had to be made good by the Treasury. It was also a part of the stipulation when the Domain Loan was raised that, if the lands did not yield enough to pay 5 per cent. to the bondholders, the Treasury should make good the deficiency. The two estates have been placed under International Commissions, and these Commissions have been so inefficient, so costly, and so hampered by international rivalries that the lands have never yielded anything like what they ought to yield. The Treasury has been at an expense of about 400,000l. or 500,000l. a year to make good the deficiency from the two estates, and in addition it has received no Land-tax from them. Clearly it would be of great benefit to the whole Egyptian community if these estates were taken out of the possession of Commissions which are incapable of administering them properly, and were handed back to

private owners, who would not only cultivate them better, but would also pay the Government the Land-tax due upon them; and the first object of Mr. Edgar Vincent's proposal is to get these lands back into the hands of private owners. For this purpose, he proposes that the State, which now, as already shown, has to pay a large part of the interest on the loans for which those lands are mortgaged, should take the lands into its own possession, and should pay off the existing loans, substituting for them State obligations which should be a direct charge upon the revenue of Egypt. The Egyptian State Loans are of two kinds—the Preference Loan and the Unified Loan. The Preference Loan, in the first place, is a charge upon the railways and telegraphs and the port of Alexandria, and, in the second place, is a charge upon the whole Egyptian revenue. It amounts at present to about 22½ millions sterling, and Mr. Vincent's proposal is that new Preference Debt should be created to pay off the existing Domain and Daira Loans, and that three provinces which are not now allocated to the service of the debt should be set apart for the service of this new additional debt. His original proposal was that the Domain Loan, which, like the Preference Loan, bears 5 per cent. interest, should be exchanged pound for pound; but the Messrs. Rothschild, who issued the Domain Loan, and who regard themselves as trustees for the bondholders, demand 102l. of Preference bonds for every 100l. of Domain bonds. The difference is not large, and it is not to be supposed that the negotiations will be allowed to break down on so unimportant a point. The Daira bonds, as stated above, bear 4 per cent. interest, and it was settled by the Commission of Liquidation that the Government could redeem them at 80 per cent. Mr. Edgar Vincent at first proposed that for every 100l. of Daira bonds which are thus redeemable at 80l. the bondholders should be offered 75l. of Preference bonds; but the recent rise in the Daira bonds, and the consideration that the Daira bondholders have the right to demand 80l. on redemption, have led to a reconsideration; and it is now felt that the conversion could not be carried through if the bondholders were not offered 80 per cent. in Preference bonds. Assuming, then, that Mr. Vincent's proposals are accepted, there would need to be issued about 15 millions sterling of a new Preference Debt, involving a charge upon the Egyptian revenue of about three-quarters of a million sterling annually.

By the Law of Liquidation, the Egyptian Government is unable to borrow without the sanction of the Powers. Therefore, although the proposed conversion would add nothing to the liabilities of Egypt, it is necessary for the Egyptian Government to induce our own Government to adopt the proposal as its own, and to negotiate with the other Powers for such a change in the Law of Liquidation as would permit of the conversion being made. It has been stated upon good authority that our Government some time ago was inclined to accept the proposal; that it had sounded the German Government and found Prince Bismarck also favourable; and that the negotiations were likely, therefore, to be readily carried through. But of late some difficulties would appear to have arisen. It will be seen, however, from what foregoes that the relief to the Egyptian taxpayers would be very great indeed if Mr. Vincent's proposal were accepted, and that no injury of any kind could result either to the protecting Governments or to the bondholders. The Egyptian Government would take upon itself a new liability of 750,000l. a year for the charge of the new debt; but, on the other hand, it would receive all the Daira and Domain lands, and it would, of course, be able to reduce the extravagant cost of the present administration of those estates. The Egyptian Government, it is further to be noted, has to pay in pensions every year about 650,000l. It is believed by Mr. Vincent that the pensioners would in the great majority of cases gladly accept land instead of pensions. They probably think that their pensions are less secure than would be their title to land, assured, as it would be, by the consent of the Great Powers. In 1883 the Domain lands were valued; but the price of all agricultural produce has fallen so much since then that it is no longer possible to obtain in the market the value that was set upon these lands three years ago. Consequently there is little chance of selling the lands while the present arrangement lasts. But it is believed by Mr. Vincent that the pensioners would gladly accept the capitalized value of the pensions in land at the value set upon the Domain lands in 1883. This, it is estimated, would at once give back to private owners about half the lands belonging to these estates. Then the Egyptian Government, while assuming a liability of 750,000l. a year in respect of the new Preference Debt, would be relieved of a liability of 650,000l. a year in respect of the pensions, and would still retain about half the lands belonging to the estates. The net liability it would thus incur, if Mr. Vincent's calculations are correct, would be barely 100,000l. a year. But, as stated above, the lands have never yielded enough to pay the interest on the debts for which they are mortgaged, and the deficits that the Government has had to make good have amounted to about 400,000l. or 500,000l. a year. Assuming the lower of these figures, it will be seen that the Government by adopting Mr. Vincent's plan would save about 300,000l. a year; that is to say, while assuming a charge of 750,000l. a year, it would get rid of the deficit of 400,000l. a year, and also relieve itself of pensions amounting to 650,000l. a year, and it would still retain half the lands, which it could sell or let as the demand arose. And, further, the new owners would be bound to pay Land-tax, and consequently the gain to the Egyptian Treasury would be very considerably more than 300,000l. a year.

The plan, it will be seen, is purely financial. It is inspired by

the desire of relieving the Egyptian Government of the heavy charge it is now under of making good a deficiency due simply to inefficient administration, aggravated by international jealousies. But incidentally the plan would confer very great benefits. It would not only, as we have just shown, relieve the Egyptian Treasury of this burden, but it would get rid of the cost of the cumbrous and inefficient administration that now weighs upon these estates, and it would give back the estates to private enterprise. Notwithstanding the fall in the price of produce, there is a steady growth in the area brought under cultivation. Year by year there has been an increase in the exports of cereals, and of cotton, and it is probable that, if these administrations were removed, and the land was freely offered in the market, it would be bought in small lots by the peasantry. From time to time negotiations have been carried on by groups of financiers anxious to come to some arrangement with the administrations of these estates for selling them to the Egyptian public; but all the negotiations hitherto have failed. When once these administrations were got rid of, however, and the negotiations could be conducted directly with the Government, without any interposition from international Commissions or any considerations of bondholders' rights, it would doubtless be easy to dispose of the lands. It may be assumed, at any rate, that, if the lands could not be sold, they could be let; and it is obvious that, if nothing more than the Land-tax were received from them, it would be a great benefit to the Egyptian Treasury. And it would be of equal benefit to the Egyptian people, as it would increase the production of the whole country and add to the well-being of the peasant class. Indirectly, too, the bondholders would benefit. As matters stand already, their interests are fully safeguarded. The estates are managed by Commissions appointed by them, and whatever the lands yield they receive their interest with due regularity. However the revenues of the estates may fall off, the Egyptian Treasury has to make good their claims; but it would nevertheless be an advantage to the bondholders if these small loans were consolidated. The existing Domain Loan amounts to about 7½ millions, and the Daira Loan to somewhat under 8½ millions. When converted they would be replaced by about 15 millions of new Preference Debt, and the Preference Debt would thereby be raised to about 37 millions, or somewhat over. The change would undoubtedly benefit the bondholders, inasmuch as the larger the amount of stock existing, the freer is the market. An investor is always able to sell better and more readily in a very large market than in a very small one. Thus the plan, while extremely advantageous to the taxpayers, and likewise beneficial to the producing classes, would be of advantage to the bondholders. All parties, in short, would benefit by it, and it is difficult to see how damage could be done to anybody. Under these circumstances, it is not easy to understand the hesitation of our own Government in recommending the plan for the approval of the Powers.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

IT is but seldom that the annual return made by the Director of the National Gallery to the Treasury contains so much of interest as this year; and to read with it we have the Report recently made on the subject of evening opening by the Trustees. The more valuable the collection grows the more difficult does it become to combine the admission of the public with the safety of the pictures; and this year, when for the first time the two Houses of Parliament are practically unanimous on the subject of the evening opening of museums and galleries, Sir Frederick Burton reports that the number of pictures exhibited is "about 1,000, exclusive of water-colour drawings"; that the number of visitors on Thursdays and Fridays, when sixpence is charged for admission, has nearly doubled since 1881; that the visitors on ordinary days are computed at 400,000; that thirteen pictures have been purchased and twenty presented or bequeathed during the year. All these interesting particulars, and many more, are set forth in the annual Report; but in the further Report, prepared some months ago, but only printed at the time of the recent debate in the House of Lords, we have the views of the Trustees and Director as to the safety of the inestimable treasures in their charge; and the two together form a statement which should be carefully weighed before we run any risks or try any rash experiments.

In the ordinary annual Report, to begin with, we have an official account of the most valuable picture now belonging to the nation, the Blenheim Raphael. It was purchased for 70,000*l.*, and is hung as No. 1171 on a screen in the great Italian room. With it, at a price of 17,500*l.*, was bought the Van Dyck, "An Equestrian Portrait of King Charles I," numbered 1172 in the Gallery. The price of these two pictures was obtained by a suspension of the annual grant of 10,000*l.* and a special Parliamentary vote. Sir F. Burton would thus have been left without funds for further purchases in a year unusually full of tempting offers but for the Clarke bequest and the Lewis fund, supplemented by a legacy of 10,000*l.* left by the late Mr. John Lucas Walker. From these sources there was a sufficient sum in hand to allow of the purchase of several beautiful works, including a picture of the Venetian school supposed to represent "The Education of Alexander," and by some critics attributed to Giorgione (No. 1173), and another lovely little picture of the same period, but of the Tuscan school, "A Combat between Amor and Castitas" (No. 1196). These

were all obtained at comparatively moderate prices, the highest sum expended, apart from the Blenheim purchase, being 966*l.* for the Marcello Venusti (No. 1194) in the sale of Mr. Beckett Denison's collection. The pictures presented or bequeathed include Gainsborough's "Watering Place" (No. 1174), Turner's "Cliveden" (No. 1180), and examples of Ward, Nasmyth, Mulready, Stothard, and Leslie, among others, of the English school; and a beautiful portrait, attributed to François Clouet, presented by Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A. Such are a few of the additions made in one year to the National Gallery, and such the treasures, rapidly accumulating, which are in the custody of the Trustees. Already since the annual Report was made other valuable pictures have been added; and we turn with anxiety to the special Report to see how far they are likely to be protected from danger—how far, that is, the Trustees are aware of the necessity of resisting any pressure likely to be put upon them to run any risk, even though it might seem at the moment to be for the public benefit. The debate in the Lords some weeks ago did not add much to our knowledge of the subject; for the simple reason that a majority of the members of the Upper House—and indeed of the Lower House too—must have been almost entirely unacquainted with the very difficult questions involved. When the special Report, drawn up some time before and circulated among those chiefly interested, was printed and commented upon in the daily papers, a new complexion was put on the whole affair; and it was seen that what some had supposed to be merely a question of expense, and others perhaps of party feeling, was really a matter of scientific doubt—of doubt which nothing can set at rest except experiments extending over a series of years. That question, it is now stated, may be summarized in a few words:—Are we to try how much electric lighting affects old pictures by subjecting the priceless collection in Trafalgar Square to its influence? There are side issues, but everything turns on this one broad question; and it rests with those who would have the Gallery lighted like the British Museum to prove that they have somehow acquired longer experience than that yet vouchsafed to any scientific man—an experience which cannot, in truth, be gained until electricity has been in use for at least six times the number of years which have elapsed since it first became generally available. But the Trustees point out with great force that proof is yet wanting that it contains no elements or involves no conditions likely to affect such sensitive works of art as pictures. And they add, in a paragraph which seems to plead unanswerably for delay, that the experiment once tried would be practically irrevocable. It would be easy to enlarge upon the social, and we might say political, questions involved. They are touched by the Trustees with no uncertain hand. But it will be sufficient to remind our readers that arrangements are now in force for the admission of visitors up to the close of day during the summer months; and that our Gallery is thus free to the public for a greater number of hours in the year than any other in Europe. It cannot, therefore, be asserted that the Trustees have been regardless of the newly discovered desire of the working classes to study art—a desire so ardent, that both at South Kensington and in other places the evening lighting has not been found to increase the attendance in a proportion at all commensurate with the expense. Postponing the discussion of such considerations, which may be supposed to trench upon the domain of politics, the supporters of the evening opening have still to reckon with scientific opinion. The late President of the Royal Society, Mr. William Spottiswoode, for example, expressed himself entirely unsatisfied that the electric light would be harmless to the pictures. Other opinions of almost equal value are before the Trustees. The present knowledge of this difficult question is still only in its first stage. Experiment alone can answer it fully. That any experiment should be tried upon a collection of such enormous value is neither more nor less than absurd. The main point, the chief business of the Trustees in relation to the collection, is the preservation of the objects under their care. Would they be justified in risking the safety of the pictures to prove the truth or falsehood of a mere hypothesis? There is no security so far against chemical injury; but, apart from this point, upon which it is impossible without longer experience to argue, we must bear in mind that accidents have occurred in all the places where the electric light has been tried. Both at the Reading-room of the British Museum and also at South Kensington the light has occasionally collapsed. The only remedy for such an occurrence is the system of providing gas-jets in anticipation, a system which would ensure in a very few years—nay, in a very few months—the serious deterioration of all the pictures at Trafalgar Square. A short time ago, as some of us must remember, the town of Temeswar, in Hungary, was provided at great expense with the electric light. After it had been duly tested, the municipality invited a large number of distinguished persons to visit their town and witness the splendour of the illumination. In the midst of the fêtes the light suddenly collapsed, leaving the whole place in utter darkness; nor was the apparatus restored to working order for some weeks. In most places it is now considered necessary, therefore, where collapse of the light means danger, to have a second or even a third system in readiness. Besides this source of expense, there is the danger of fire, which, although it may by care be partly avoided, and although it is by no means so great as in other methods of artificial lighting, will never cease to exist; and we must remember that during the Electric Exhibition in Paris a few years ago, fire broke out no fewer than twenty-seven times in the

buildings, although every possible precaution then known had been taken.

There are many considerations besides these to be carefully weighed. They are gone into one by one in the Special Report, and must be taken into the account when the preliminary and fundamental question of the lighting has been settled. Until then there is no occasion to discuss them unless they are thrust forward. We have only mentioned those objections which have a scientific or a temporary bearing on the question of evening lighting. The question of evening opening is wholly different, and far more easily intelligible. But so far, although the Trustees and others who thoroughly understand what they are talking about have offered many strong reasons against the proposed measure, we have only taken that part of their case which pleads for delay before we commit ourselves blindly to an experiment, the results of which the highest scientific authorities cannot foresee, and which may be most disastrous to the collection of which we have such just reason to be proud. To gather precious works of art at an enormous cost, to spend 70,000*l.* on a single painting, to accept large sums from private benefactors, to gather objects beside which the Koh-i-noor is but a crystal, and then to expose them, by way of experiment, to unnecessary and unknown dangers and the possibility of irreparable injury, would be an act of simple insanity.

THE CLOSE OF THE CULTURKAMPF.

THE speech of Prince Bismarck and the vote of the Upper House of the Prussian Chamber on Monday last may be regarded as virtually bringing the *Culturkampf* in Germany to an end. The famous *Maigesetze* or *Falkgesetze*—as they are variously named, from the date of their introduction or from the Minister who had the charge of introducing them—were really Prince Bismarck's laws, as he is now the real author of their abrogation, and their history is an instructive one. There is a curious analogy in some respects, and in others a no less obvious contrast, between the May laws and our own abortive Ecclesiastical Titles Act. Both were special *privilegia* directed against a particular—and the same particular—Church; both were at once irritating and offensive to those at whom they were aimed, and, for any practical service to the interests supposed to be imperilled, wholly useless; both were enacted and abolished in the lifetime of their author and with his consent, though Lord Russell did not, like Prince Bismarck, take any active part in strangling his own progeny. And both, it may be added, have served on the whole, though in different ways, to bring a blessing on those whom their originators wished, or professed to wish, to curse altogether. On the other hand Lord Russell's abortive measure had more of a plausible excuse in what Mr. Greville calls "a most disgusting and humiliating agitation, founded on prejudice and gross ignorance," while it had less semblance of reasonable justification than Prince Bismarck's. It was at least an intelligible view that the late Pope and those who acted with him were desirous of impeding German unity, while there was no ground whatever for assuming that it mattered twopence to the Queen and Constitution of Great Britain whether the ecclesiastical rulers of the English Roman Catholics chose to call themselves Vicars Apostolic or Diocesan Bishops. And, moreover, while the English Premier barked, without seriously attempting to bite—never a very dignified or profitable procedure—the German Chancellor discharged what was by no means a *brutum fulmen* at the heads of his victims, though it could be no adequate safeguard against the dangers, had they really existed, which he professed himself anxious to avert. He could hardly of course be expected to admit as much as that himself, but he has frankly avowed that "the May laws had pretty well outlived their original purpose, which was a temporary and combative one"; he says he had never, and has not even yet, made himself acquainted with all their details; that he regarded them at the time "as a melancholy necessity," but not as "a palladium of the State," and that he never intended them to be permanent. He had declared "he would not go to Canossa," and to that declaration he still adheres; but though he would not go to Canossa, he expressly informs us that he resolved to go to Rome, and that he holds deliberately to that resolution. On the accession of the present Pope he determined to open negotiations with him, and preferred this course to negotiating with the so-called Catholic party at home. "Pope Leo XIII. has more good will and interest for the consolidation of the German Empire than the majority of the German Parliament . . . he is a wise, moderate, and pacific gentleman, which cannot be said of all the members of the *Reichstag* majority." In short, the attitude of the late and the present Pope reminds one very much of the old fable of the North wind and the Sun. It is one thing to have to deal with an irreconcilable pontiff who only meets you with a *non possumus*, quite another thing to negotiate with a pontiff who, instead of summoning you to Canossa, indites a letter full of compliments to "the illustrious Chancellor," and bestows on him the Order of Christ, set in brilliants, the highest secular distinction in his power to confer, and one never before conferred on a Protestant. If Leo XIII. could obtain in France the peaceful triumph his wisdom and moderation—which Prince Bismarck does not exaggerate—have already gained for his cause in Germany, he might indeed feel that he had not reigned in vain.

Meanwhile this little historical episode of the *Culturkampf* and the "May laws"—which will not have remained on the German

statute-book much more than half the time the toothless Ecclesiastical Titles Act disfigured our own—is instructive under several aspects. Some years ago, when calling attention in these columns to the first menace of such legislation, we observed that there was nothing in his character or antecedents to lead us to credit the Prince Chancellor with any marked religious antipathies, and that "his political instincts would probably incline him to favour rather than to distrust a Church with fixed dogmas and a strongly organized hierarchy." To that opinion we adhere, and Prince Bismarck's recent language about the Pope's not being "a Liberalist or a Social Democrat" tends to confirm it. In condescending to humour the "No Popery" cry of 1850 Lord John Russell, as he then was, knew well that he was simply yielding to a foolish and fruitless agitation in which he did not himself believe. If he had sincerely thought the Constitution in danger, it was his imperative duty to provide securities which were not studiously rendered illusory before being placed on the statute-book. But there is no reason to doubt that Prince Bismarck imagined he was confronted with a real danger, and the Falk laws, ineffectual as they necessarily were for any useful purpose, were no mere piece of ornamental verbiage. Their administration did for the time very seriously—and, as it appeared to most impartial onlookers, very unjustly—hamper the ordinary discipline and pastoral life of the Catholic Church in Germany. There is no need to go back here upon "details" sufficiently discussed at the time, and which the author of that legislation tells us he has even now failed adequately to master. But it is quite certain that some of the principal details constituted, from the received Roman Catholic standpoint, as direct and fatal a violation of the rights and liberties of the Church as the famous Auchterarder case in Scotland thirty years earlier constituted from the Presbyterian point of view. And in such controversies statesmen, however powerful and resolute, are apt to come off second best in the long run, because they are dealing with immaterial forces which they can neither gauge nor control. This was the fundamental flaw of Prince Bismarck's ecclesiastical policy, even assuming that his estimate of the situation was a correct one, whereas he—to say the least—considerably exaggerated the hostile attitude of his supposed opponents. But in fact his policy was not merely ineffective; it directly served to strengthen the hands of his rivals. He committed in statecraft an analogous error to that of the logicians who undertake to prove too much.

It was natural enough that Governments, especially those like Prussia with a large body of Catholic subjects, should take alarm at the startling novelties put forth at the Vatican Council. And if the Prussian Government had been content to offer its support in all legitimate ways to that section—at first a very considerable one among both clergy and laity—of German Catholics who resented and repudiated the new teaching thrust upon them, in the teeth of the solemn and explicit declarations of their own bishops on the eve of their departure for Rome, it would have been entirely within its rights and would have occupied a very strong position. The bishops who had eaten their own words after the Council had provoked a storm of indignation, and what was called the Old Catholic movement was steadily growing, in the only way it could attain an effectual and lasting influence, within the borders of the Church. The "Romanizing" bishops, as the German phrase runs, had made themselves unpopular and a little ridiculous, and their leading man, Ketteler, who had been a prominent anti-infallibilist at the Council, might fairly enough be called upon to answer his own arguments, before he essayed to convert others to the tenets he had already himself so vigorously refuted. But when the political campaign was opened in force, not against any novel or questionable claim, but against the recognized and reasonable independence of the hierarchy in the ordinary administration of the Church; when a system of minute and vexatious interference was organized between bishop and priest, priest and penitent; when the Government insisted on meddling with all the details of clerical education and appointments to benefices, and promptly visited resistance with suspension and imprisonment, so that after a while several sees and hundreds of parishes were left vacant—a revulsion of feeling naturally ensued, and thus the bishops were rehabilitated and the Old Catholics discredited by no merits or demerits of their own. That the Old Catholic leaders, such as Bishop Reinkens, helped to damage their own cause by too readily throwing themselves into the arms of what was looked upon not without some reason as a persecuting Government, may be true. But the Government policy, apart from such aid, had done for their opponents what they could never have done for themselves. It had made their position once more a respectable one; it had given them a strong case; and had even been indiscreet enough to invest them with something of the honours of martyrdom. It had done for them on a larger scale what the Public Worship Act did for the Ritualists; it imposed by violent means indefensible restraints on conscience. And, like all such methods of policy, it has broken down. To be sure the infallibilist policy of Pius IX. broke down also; it created the difficulty, but could not solve it. But a statesman like Bismarck could hardly fail to entertain for such a Pope as Leo XIII. something of the feeling which prompted Queen Elizabeth to say that there was only one man in Europe fit to marry her, and that was Sixtus V. The *Culturkampf* originated in an honest, if rather blundering, distrust of ecclesiastical aggression, and it finds a solution in the mutual respect of Prince and Pontiff, who understand that their interests do not clash, but coincide. The fierce onslaught of the French Republican Govern-

ment on the Church is a very different matter; it means an attack on religion. And its termination depends not so much on the wisdom and statesmanship of the Pope as on the survival or decadence of the religious sentiment in France. In Prussia Leo XIII. has had to deal with the most powerful, practical, and straightforward of living statesmen; in France he is confronted by a shifting coterie of feeble and fanatical politicians, whose intolerance is none the less virulent because it takes the shape of fanatical atheism.

ORIENTAL ART AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

IN the galleries belonging to the west wing of the British Museum, which were formerly occupied by part of the Natural History Collections, and which were thrown open to the public on Monday last, an opportunity is afforded for studying some important departments of Oriental art, religious and secular, which is probably unrivalled elsewhere in the world. No handbook to the art collections has yet been published; but it is nevertheless easy to follow the arrangements of the various parts. The Franks collection of Chinese and Japanese porcelain has already been exhibited at the Bethnal Green Museum; and it has now, through the munificence of its founder, become the property of the nation, and forms one of the most interesting and attractive features of the galleries. The other main section of the art collection is formed by the examples of Buddhist art from the various countries of the East in which Buddhism prevails. To many, perhaps, this will be more instructive even than the former; for by the mode of arrangement which has been adopted it is possible to see in succession the manner in which religion and art have acted and re-acted on each other amongst various Eastern peoples. Buddhism is the popular religion of the far East, and it is also a foreign religion. It has obtained and maintained its long supremacy in China, Corea, Japan, Burmah, Siam, and the other countries of the Indo-Chinese peninsula, not so much by ousting previous faiths and cults as by absorbing them, and by including within the wide embrace of its mythology all the popular deities which it found already enshrined in the minds of the people. Thus it is that the Buddhist of one country finds in the Buddhist pantheon of another gods and goddesses which are wholly unknown to him; the effect of this in Eastern religious art will be noticed presently.

The arrangement of the Buddhist objects in the collection at the British Museum is, we believe, original; it is certainly highly instructive. The products of religious art are ranged under their respective countries, so that as the visitor passes from case to case he has before him a panorama showing the effects of Buddhism on the art of successive countries. He sees how the Chinese, the Japanese, the Burmese, and others represent the same deity or being, and the comparison brings out in a marked manner some of the peculiar characteristics of Oriental art, as well as helps us to comprehend some of the foreign influences which have been at work in shaping its ultimate course. Thus, starting from the case opposite the entrance to what is called the Oriental Saloon, we see the surprising effect of Greek influence on the Buddhist art of North-Western India. The case contains a series of friezes, forming the supports or "riars" of temple steps, and also images, which were obtained by the archaeological survey of India from a temple near Peshawur. They date from about the beginning of the Christian era; the subjects are all taken from Buddhist mythology, but the treatment is wholly Greek. The faces of the images are Indian; the arrangement of the dress and the hair is Greek. Passing from this we come to the products of Indian Buddhism obtained at Somanath, and here the Jain collection at the opposite side of the room should be introduced. The images here are much the same as those of later Buddhism, with the exception that the Jain figures are naked. What are the precise relations between Jainism and Buddhism is one of the unsettled questions of Oriental scholarship; whether the latter sprang out of the former, or whether the Jain cult is a baser form of Buddhism, must be left for future research to determine. In Burmah and Siam, which come next, we find religious art at its worst; all is formal and stiff. There we find the staring, expressionless idols which are popularly, though not quite accurately, associated with all Eastern Buddhism. Passing on to the Buddhist art of China and Japan a great change is noticeable. The most striking feature of the images of Buddha in this collection or elsewhere which are produced in China and Japan is the calm beauty of the face. And this is true whether the figure is a foot high or a colossal image scores of feet in height like those at Kamakura and Nara in Japan. In the latter case, the effect of the image is spoiled by its being placed under a roof; but no European with the capacity for admiration in his composition has ever visited the great Daibutsu at Kamakura without being struck with awe and wonder, and even reverence, for the majesty and beauty of the face which for centuries has looked out on the "ever-sounding sea." In a minor degree we find the same beauty in all the Chinese and Japanese representations of Buddha. But we find, too, that Hindoo notions are inextricably mingled with the native conceptions. Thus Kwanyin or Kwannon, the Goddess of Mercy, is frequently represented, especially in China, with a multitude of hands and arms—a purely Hindoo conception. Again, in the Japanese section, we observe the characteristic of Buddhism already mentioned—namely, its absorption of popular deities, for here is Benten, an ancient Japanese goddess, the

patroness of fishermen, included in the true pantheon of Buddhism. A rosary of extraordinary size and elaboration is worthy of notice here, though it does not appear to have any particular artistic significance. Tibet is still as much a land of mystery as it was when Warren Hastings wrote the instructions for Bogle, the first English envoy to the Lama; and, accordingly, Lamaism, the most confused and degraded form that Buddhism has ever assumed, is barely represented.

The second principal division of the Oriental Saloon will, no doubt, catch the eye of the passing visitor more readily than that with which we have just been dealing. Painted pottery and porcelain are generally beautiful in themselves, and they are placed here with a view to colour and artistic arrangement. But more important objects than this have been studied, and, we think, with great success. Starting with the Japanese section, the visitor passes from the first rude efforts of the early inhabitant of the Japanese islands through successive stages until he reaches the highest efforts of the Japanese potter and artist during the last and present centuries. The first case contains Aino and early Japanese pottery, which is now found only in shell-heaps and other prehistoric remains. Here, as might be anticipated from the early relations of Japan and Corea, the latter being the cradle of Japanese civilization, the Corean influence is evident. Then comes modern pottery, Seto, Karatsu, the priceless Satsuma (of which there are some remarkably good specimens), Bizen, and the famous but modern Banka. Of Satsuma it may be well to say that it is doubtful if there are two dozen examples of this ware in all London. It is scarce even in Japan, and Japanese connoisseurs are ready to pay as much for it as any European. The ware which is generally sold at high prices in Europe as Satsuma is, at the best, only made from Satsuma clay, the decoration being put on in Kioto or Tokio. Often it is made wholly at one or other of these places, and has absolutely nothing in common with Satsuma. The pottery is succeeded by the semi-porcelains, which form a kind of halfway-house between pottery and porcelain proper. The best known of these are the Kaga and Kutani wares. Finally come the porcelains, which are generally known in this country, and which need little notice here. There are some interesting specimens of Imari *faience* made in Europe from patterns brought home by the Dutch in the last and preceding centuries, and which at one time were familiar in English country-houses.

The Japanese wares are arranged according to fabrics, as each maker jealously marked his own productions; but this has been found quite impossible in the case of Chinese pottery and porcelain, which usually bear only a hieroglyphic fixing the date. The latter are, therefore, placed according to sorts. The only Chinese pottery, properly so called, deserving of special notice is the "boccaro," a beautiful red ware, which is hardly rivalled by anything Japan has produced. The pure white porcelains are placed together; then those in single colours, double colours, the crackles, those with the "slip" decorations (*part sur part*), blue and white, the blue under glaze, those enamelled in colours, the famous egg-shell, and several others are arranged in succession. There are some excellent examples of the rare and expensive pierced and incised porcelain, which is now being imitated in France and England. It is produced by piercing designs in the ware and then covering the whole with glaze; its great price is due to the large number of inevitable failures. The last section of the Chinese porcelain is of exceptional interest, for it contains specimens of the Chinese artist's work under foreign influence. The designs are all European, and some of them are exceedingly comical in their Chinese dress. For instance, we have a representation of George II. at Dettingen, in which the flanks of the charger are of portentous fatness in order to cover a blue ring in the centre of the plate. Another is a reproduction on a bowl of one of the engravings at the head of the broadsides issued during the Wilkes agitation. It has the legend "Wilkes and Liberty" at the top, and the portrait of the elect of Middlesex below. There are also several copies from old Dresden and Delft ware. These were all made in a factory near Canton for the English and Dutch markets during the last century. Space will not permit us to refer here to any other parts of the collection (although the small but beautiful representatives of the lacquer work and ivory carving of Japan deserve attention) except a magnificent Imperial Chinese jade seal, which formed part of the original Christy collection; it is probably the largest and most valuable jade object that has ever found its way to Europe. The special merit of the whole art gallery, in our judgment, is not the number or even the intrinsic value of the objects, although in both these respects it is very great, so much as their comprehensive character and admirable arrangement. Any one with eyes to see and intelligence to comprehend can learn more of the growth and history of Oriental art, and of the influences which have made it what it is, in the course of a few days passed in examining this collection—its arrangement being understood—than in months spent in reading books and in the casual attendance on art sales, which appear to be the modern curriculum of a connoisseur's education.

MINOR EXHIBITIONS.

THE first exhibition of the New English Art Club at the Marlborough Gallery, 53 Pall Mall, is one of the most interesting and least fatiguing picture shows we have seen for some time. We mean no disparagement to such useful institutions as

the Academy, the Salon, the Institute, and other large miscellaneous exhibitions, when we say that, in the nature of things, they must needs present a confusing jumble of styles and aims. They must admit a little of everything; and it is impossible that they can hang so many canvases well, or to the general advantage of the exhibition. The Academy, indeed, is not intended to give a purely aesthetic pleasure to the connoisseur; it is a *résumé* of the whole endeavour of the country, a sort of official recognition of all the various aims in art rather than a place where they can be separately studied and really enjoyed. At the Marlborough Gallery the few pictures (there are but fifty-eight all told) are practically all on the line; and, as they are all based on a common view of art, instead of disturbing, they support and explain each other's conventions. The traditions are those of the younger schools of France, but the gallery is by no means fully representative of the tendencies of modern French art, or even of its purely Anglo-Saxon development. It is the expression of the ideas and practice of a coterie trained in a certain view of nature, but more especially occupied with the rigorous application of a certain form of technique to the facts of observation. They strive to express the real appearances of things as seen by the eye, and not the deducted results of knowledge and further examination. They studiously subordinate local colour to atmospheric effect, and detail to the large masses that are actually important in vision; their scheme of colour is usually fresh and aerial; their handling is often square, sometimes ostentatiously regular, and always as broad as the treatment it expresses. They detest a set or obvious composition, and take great pains to obtain focus of impression without any palpable arrangement. They are rather logical and intelligent than poetic in their observation of nature and their use of methods; the grandsons, not the sons, of 1830, they have lost much of the fervid and romantic feeling of Corot, Rousseau, and Dupré. Whether this school, with its present principles, is the heir of the future may be reasonably doubted; but that it will contribute much towards the useful study of the limits of the art, towards the development of an intelligent view of realism, and towards the culture of elegance, sanity, and simplicity in method, cannot be for a moment denied. On the other hand, it would be unfair to forget that there are many other young artists—of whom Messrs. J. M. Swann and Arthur Lemon may be taken as samples—who have also received an impulse from the French, but have preserved a more robust personality and a more catholic ideal of art, and are in no danger of pushing method to affectation or forgetting sentiment in a too logical pursuit of system.

It is impossible to speak of nearly sixty pictures other than generally; and, where they are all so nearly equal in merit, we must choose pretty nearly at hazard. Mr. H. la Thangue's "In the Dauphiné" is the largest, and—perhaps partly because it is unfinished—the most pronounced example of the distinguishing tendencies of the school. The touch is square, broad, and systematized; and the colour high, bluish, and open-air-like, though, it must be confessed, without sufficient delicacy. Mr. H. S. Tuke's "Bathers" (41), another conspicuous open-air picture, has been painted with much less evident preoccupation about material. It displays an eager determination to render air, light, liquid water, sunshine and shadow on flesh, naturally, brilliantly, and without trick. Nothing could better illustrate the advance and direction of modern realism than a comparison of this picture with Walker's admirable "Bathers," painted fifteen or sixteen years ago, which lately appeared at the Graham sale. As Mr. Gogin's "Soothsayer" (38) presents an attractive subject treated in an ordinary sort of handling which will frighten nobody, it is likely to be one of the most popular pictures, especially with art critics. For qualities of brilliancy, verve of execution, subtlety of colour, and large truth of aspect, we prefer others; as, for instance, Mr. Sargent's lamp-light "Study" (37). In dignity, breadth, sobriety, Mr. A. Mann's "Portrait" (8) is ahead of everything. Mr. Clausen in "A Shepherdess" (43) is equally true and forcible, and much more elegant than usual. Among the good landscapes are Mr. W. J. Laidlay's large, fresh, and aerial study of reeds (56); Mr. Stott's exquisitely soft and mossy-looking sketch of a wood in early spring (18); Mr. Stanhope Forbes's cleverly composed "Cornish Street" (42); Mr. T. F. Goodall's broad and imposing "Last Load" (46); and Mr. Alfred Parsons's sober and delicate little "Weeds" (16) and "In an Orchard" (15). Necessarily we are forced to omit a great deal which is equally deserving of attention, and can only mention that Messrs. Kennington, Melton Fisher, H. Fisher, Jacob Hood, Harper Pennington, Frederick Brown, and many others are contributors to the Gallery.

M. René Vauquelin's political skit, "Bourreau et Victimes," at the Continental Gallery (New Bond Street), may be clever enough as caricature; but, as far as we can discover in the gaslight under which it is exhibited, it has none of the truth and seriousness of a real picture. One of the foremost of Belgian landscape-painters, Mr. Van Luppen, who is remarkable for his strong realization of effects of light, is represented by a little woodland scene, beautifully composed and logically executed, though with a tentative handling which reminds one of some of Rousseau's experiments. Mr. T. Verstraeten's "Farm in Holland" (16) is the freshest and most atmospheric canvas in the Gallery; while Mr. Norman's large "A Midsummer Night in Norway" (1) and "Bodo" are noticeable for their solid and vigorous brushwork. The latter painter's values are made subservient to a rather unreasoning wish to be equally powerful everywhere; his skies, however, are good, and were a foot and a half of rather brutal work cut from the top of

the "Bodo" it would be the truest and most refined of the two. Silvia G. Rotta's "Temptation" is sober and refined in general colour, and a pile of child's toys in the corner is rendered in a most brilliant and suggestive manner. Messrs. J. Montigny, Lindstrom, R. Russ, Hans Dahl, E. Claus, G. Nicolet, and some others send satisfactory work. Not the least interesting feature of the Gallery is a collection of Vienna china, both ancient and modern, including some from Victor Emmanuel's and the Demidoff collections.

Messrs. Hogarth (Mount Street) have an early Turner, "A Carnarvon Castle," in oil, which is worth seeing. The drawing is true and careful, the distance grey and atmospheric, and the whole composition would be dignified but for an arbitrarily introduced, hot-brown foreground with conventional figures. To this and to a strange eruption of Vesuvius in water-colour, as vague as a Japanese rug, several Cotmans and a Bonington stand in strange opposition—Cotman's "Honiton Church" (39) especially shows a command of richer greys, a saner composition, and a broader treatment. A superb Copley Fielding on classic traditions somewhat recalls in landscape, colour, and arrangement the "Sacrifice of Abraham" by Gaspar Poussin.

A DISTORTION OF TOM JONES.

THERE is something quite exquisite about the little compliment which Mr. Robert Buchanan has been so very good as to pay to Fielding. Mr. Buchanan has done Fielding the honour of endeavouring to adapt *Tom Jones* for dramatic purposes, and he ends what he calls an "Author's Note" with the condescending little observation that "Whatever merit the Play may possess belongs to him whose supreme genius inspired it; for whatever shortcomings it may show, the dramatist is alone to blame." Those who have even a slight acquaintance with *Tom Jones* on the one hand, and with Mr. Buchanan's works on the other, will readily incline to the opinion that Mr. Buchanan is stating so obvious a fact that it was not worth while to mention it. And yet we have to find fault with the remark. It assumes, to begin with, that there is merit in the play, and the assumption is not tenable; in the second place, it speaks of Mr. Buchanan as "the dramatist," a title which cannot properly be applied to one who does not even know how to borrow with discretion, who takes the characters which have been drawn from life by a great artist, vulgarizes and emasculates them, but has the infatuation to believe that because he takes the names he snatches the essence. Mr. Buchanan has extracted nothing from Maenian and Mantuan coffers, to speak the language of the book itself. Mnesis has no knowledge of these marionettes; they are not even the offspring of the fat Jufvrouw Gell; for the children of this much plumper dame would at least have life and vigour, though it were vulgar life. Had Mr. Buchanan been able to appreciate Fielding's work, he would respectfully have left it alone; but that he does not and cannot appreciate it is shown by the smug little "Note," a sentence of which has been already quoted. "Care has been taken to select only what is perfectly stainless and void of offence"—there are passages in *Tom Jones*, the most human of books, that offend Mr. Buchanan. He speaks—we are inclined to invoke blessings on his nice nose—of "a certain taint" in Fielding's book, but he patronizes poor little Fielding with the explanation that it "is coarseness rather than immorality." Furthermore, he "has taken leave to purify the character of the hero somewhat." How truly kind! Fielding with the taint removed by Mr. Buchanan! Those portions of *Tom Jones* which are stainless and void of offence purified by the part-author of *Alone in London!* There was some talk of painting a portrait of M. Perrichon on Mont Blanc, and the picture was to represent a little Mount Blanc and an immense M. Perrichon. Mr. Buchanan would apparently like—he would certainly see nothing ridiculous in a companion work—a very large Mr. Buchanan and a very little Fielding.

It seems scarcely worth while to discuss the production of a theatrical artisan whose ludicrous want of wit could have given birth to the "Author's Note" from which these curiously choice extracts have been quoted. It is marvellous that a man should have been able to read the delightful satire of Fielding and fail to see how wonderfully some of it anticipates just that sort of "Author's Note" which is published in the Vaudeville play-bills and signed "Robert Buchanan"; for we have not yet remarked that the Vaudeville is the scene of the coarse and clumsy chalking on the wall which is supposed by Mr. Buchanan, the chalker, to be a reproduction of one of the most lifelike pictures ever drawn. *Tom Jones* has been adapted to the stage before it was purified by Mr. Buchanan. More than a century ago a Frenchman, who understood it just about as much as Mr. Buchanan does, turned the book into a comic opera, and made Squire Western sing an *ariette* beginning

D'un cerf, dix cors, j'ai connaissance;
On l'attaque au fort, on le lance;
Tous sont prêts:
Piqueurs et valets
Suivent les pas de l'ami Jone.

Mr. Buchanan's *Tom Jones* strikes us as being just about as much like Fielding's hero as was "l'ami Jone" of Poinsinet, who went hunting and cried "Courage, amis!" Perhaps it is the purification to which Mr. Buchanan has subjected his hero that makes him unrecognizable. We have no intention whatever of

tracing the divergencies which it pleases Mr. Buchanan to make from Fielding's book. To do so would be to pay the despoiler an undue compliment; nor have we patience to linger over the stuff which Mr. Buchanan has introduced under the delusion that he is removing taints. Tom Jones was essentially human. The flabby caricature which Mr. Buchanan chooses to label with the name is essentially a marionette. Fielding's creations glow with life; they are sharp and bright from the mint of humanity; and what sorry dummies are these which Mr. Buchanan has not hesitated to call by Fielding's names! Mr. Thorne's attempt to represent Partridge is an eloquent incident in this melancholy business. The actor who plays Partridge is also the manager of the theatre, and his performance of the character may be accepted as a test of his appreciation of the "new comedy"—it is described in these terms. There was distinct merit in Mr. Royce Carleton's performance of Blitil, and Misses Kate Rorke and Helen Forsyth also have great recommendations to the favour of audiences. These young ladies represent Sophia Western and Molly Seagrim, but a Molly altogether Buchananized.

ART EXHIBITIONS.

THE collection of water-colours by Mrs. Allingham at the Fine Art Society's Galleries derives no small measure of interest from the fact that it depicts certain aspects of rural England that are rapidly passing away. The old Surrey cottages are everywhere being mutilated or destroyed, and will exist, at no distant date, only in such pleasing memoranda as are here presented. To be up and destroying in these enlightened times is the very end of being, and there is nothing so contagious as the enthusiasm of the improver. This state of things is inevitable when the Radical is come among us, having great zeal. Still, it is agreeable to learn from Mrs. Allingham's Catalogue that there are old-fashioned folk who protest, and not in vain, against the senseless destruction of picturesque objects, such as the useful old bridge at Shere, lately threatened with the substitution of an elegant iron erection. Apart from the question of sentiment, which cannot but influence the sympathetic visitor, Mrs. Allingham's method and technical range can scarcely be said to survive the ordeal of separate exhibition. The pictorial aspects of the old Surrey cottage are not, it is true, inexhaustible; yet this in itself is insufficient to account for the sense of monotony that pervades the series. The artist's miniature method and limited view of nature are apt to cloy when studied in some sixty examples of iteration, though every one is conscious of the charm of such work when distributed in the more robust environment of the Water Colour Society's exhibition. Prettiness, however, is of all qualities in art the most liable to the degradation of pettiness. The sentiment of these drawings is so invariably "sweet," the mood of nature so uniformly bland, that, though the artist's theme is identical with Wordsworth's famous sonnet, there is no suggestion of the deep human undertone of the poet. There is something a little "precious" in the presentation, something of the ideal Arcadia of a china painter; the graceful rustic damsels and children appear, like Cowper's rose, as if just washed in a shower, types of refinement and innocence. Nor in the delicate vision of the cottage itself, with its little plot of homely flowers, its guardian trees, "almost its own sky," do we feel that

Roof, window, door,
The very flowers, are sacred to the poor;
The roses to the porch which they entwine.

It were perhaps vain to seek in work so microscopic the metaphysical idea of the poet, though the pathos involved in it is by no means alien to Mrs. Allingham's insight and method, which are alike reverent and sincere. However this may be, the sameness of execution, the absence of force and breadth, of variety and contrast, are notably accentuated when studied collectively; whereas a single example in a miscellaneous exhibition leaves a keen impression of delight, as we have repeatedly experienced.

At the Goupil Gallery, New Bond Street, is exhibited a series of drawings by Mr. Tristram Ellis, illustrative of the French and English Channel coasts, and presenting precisely those aspects of familiar watering-places that first confront the traveller and do not commonly attract the artist. This kind of veracity is popular enough with the multitude, who love a literal transcript in proportion as it aids recognition of locality. Mr. Ellis's method, however, is too photographic to be accounted artistic. In the majority of instances his colour is cold or discordant, his handling mannered, and his occasional introduction of the figure in foregrounds has much of the infelicity of the photographer. The few departures from the general commonplace, such as the "Margate at Night" (1), "Winter Time at Dover" (7), and "Calais" (52), are but half-realized impressions, excepting only the "The Hoe, Plymouth, from the Citadel" (44), which is harmonious in colour, consistent in scheme, and has an exceptional quality of atmosphere.

THE IRISH BUDGET.

[IRISH CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, *loquitur*.]

SURE, now the First of April's come,
A most convenient day I judge ut,
In the retoirement of me home
To figyure out me maiden Budge-ut.

Give me the Trisury accounts,
Me conscience! What is this I see there?
The sthrangest contrast in amounts
Twixt what is there and what should be there.
Bad luck to Mistrer Gladstone now!
If I could thrust me sober sinces,
He promissed us four hundred thou.
Of rivenue above expences.
Some latitide we ought to grant
For its decrasyn' or enlargin';
But thrippence! No, bedad, I can't
Bring that within legitt'mut marrgin.
Ah well! regrits are useless. True
Our realized surpluss is no thumper;
But better luck next time! Hurroo!
Here goes for a prospectuv bumper!
Excise has dropped fifteen per cent.
(And yet a Wizard some men think um),
And as no landlord's got his rent,
None of them's paid upon his income.
Hwhat's this? me perm'nent staff agree
That rivenue will fall still shorther,
And this year's dayficit will be
About a million and a quarther.
Whew! let's examun ways and means,
Since 'tis too soon to make a huge hit
By warning the Whitehall spalpeens
Their corred thrifte we repjuit.
I've just sketched out a little list
Of men and things to lay a tax on,
Such as will only intherist
The brutal, base, and bloody Saxon.
Against the million for police
Swallowed by England, dirry glutton!
We'll tax at half-a-crown apiece
Ivery constabulary button.
We'll tax the judge's robes and wig,
And other symbols of oppression;
We'll levy a house-duty big
On farms in caretakers' possession.
We'll tax the English taxing-men,
Bad cess to them—or rather no cess!
We'll multiply the stamp by ten
On ivery writ of legal process.
We'll clap a graduated tax
On landlords who remain, and fleece 'em;
While those who in disgust make tracks
Will have to pay on absenteism.
And if they think the tax to evade
By absence, substitutes we'll find 'em,
Begorra! till the whole is paid
By absentees they leave behind 'em.
I hwonder now to hwhat it comes.
See here, me Secretary, take ut;
Add up the estimatud sums,
And let me know how much ye make ut.
Tis aisy, if ut nearly fits,
Or touches equilibrium's border,
To raise tax on Spaker's writs
From mimbers of the priv'luded ordrer.
And if their leader thinks the plan
Is one he's anything to say to,
Let um amind ut if he can;
Bedad! we'll stop um with the Vato.
And, if his faction perseveres,
We'll pretty soon discover whether
They rillish going for three years
Without finances altogether.

REVIEWS.

HOBSON-JOBSON.*

THAT the joint labours of Colonel H. Yule and the late Mr. Burnell would result in the compilation of a more accurate and comprehensive Glossary than most of those in existence, with the exception of that of the late Horace H. Wilson, was expected. But we did not anticipate that the work now before us would be so very pleasant to read. Macaulay in a well-known essay on *Hallam's Constitutional History*, says "that the practice of sepa-

* *Hobson-Jobson; being a Glossary of Anglo-Indian Colloquial Words and Phrases and of Kindred Terms, Etymological, Historical, Geographical, and Discursive.* By Colonel Henry Yule, R.E., C.B., LL.D., Editor of "The Book of See Marco Polo," &c., and the late Arthur Coke Burnell, Ph.D., C.I.E., Author of "The Elements of South-Indian Palaeography," &c. London: John Murray. 1886.

rating the two ingredients of which history is composed has become prevalent on the Continent as well as in this country"; and he then illustrates his criticism by showing that one French historian discharged both tasks by publishing, first a valuable but somewhat tedious history, and then a novel with a lively representation of characters and manners. Macaulay adds that we manage things better in this country, and that Walter Scott gives us the novel and Mr. Hallam the history. Colonel Yule, who is no novice in writing and editing books, has contrived to produce a work which is calculated to please a dilettante and to satisfy a fastidious Pundit. The scholarship is at once far-ranging and accurate. An ability to explore the most prominent of the classical and vernacular languages of India is combined with a familiar knowledge of Anglo-Indian literature, from the early travellers included in Pinkerton or Hakluyt's collection down to recent contributions to magazines and weekly journals. There are apposite quotations from the great epic of Camoens, from the Ayin-Akbari, and from the early Greek writers on geography. Divers solutions of disputed or ambiguous phrases and titles will command themselves to administrators and scholars. Some, if not convincing, are ingenious, and but few are far-fetched. Colonel Yule himself is master of a good style and his industry and perseverance never tire. Like Boswell he would ransack a library or go half over London to verify a date or reconcile a discrepancy. And he pays a merited tribute to his partner in this large undertaking, the late Mr. Burnell of the Madras Civil Service, a gentleman of varied attainments and profound knowledge of Sanskrit as well as of the Dravidian languages. Mr. Burnell's name being a guarantee for sound scholarship, the credit of sifting, arranging, and editing ample materials fairly belongs to Colonel Yule. It would seem as if by mere accumulation of matter and the law of development the work soon outgrew its original proportions. It was at first intended to track to their sources words constantly occurring in Indian tales, periodicals, journalistic literature, and daily social intercourse. But "on ne s'arrête pas dans un si beau chemin." It was difficult to draw the line between a technicality readily appreciated at a large dinner party at Labore or Simla but not out of India, and a set of phrases which, like "loot" or the "competition-wallah," have worked their passage to England. Lord Beaconsfield, in one of his speeches years ago, taxed his opponents with a wish to "loot the Treasury." The compilers were also beset by other temptations. It became impossible to resist the claims of botany, zoology, and geography. And, though not intended to furnish a manual for the Kacheri, the Glossary would have been incomplete without some mention of ordinary administrative terms that perplex readers of Blue-books and are sometimes vaguely propounded in Parliamentary debates. It may perhaps be difficult to justify the exclusion of one phrase and the admission of another; and we should not expect to find all the details of a Revenue Settlement under the heads of Zamindar, Ryot, Mirasi, and Inam. But it is not too much to say that many of the columns revive dying fires, recall forgotten studies, stimulate inquiry, and impart fresh knowledge. The quotations from old travellers who really saw India as it was under the rule of Akbar or Shah Jehan, and not as that rule is now described by rabid Friends of Humanity, take us back to a series of blunders and disguises which are occasionally less bewildering than the same words decked out in the finest pedantry of modern transliteration. Colonel Yule can stand a good deal, but the spelling "bngi" for the good old buggy was too much for him. He is also amply justified in showing that speakers and writers, attracted by an imaginary resemblance of sound, have twisted Oriental words into English ones with which the former have no sort of connexion. And while he gives many a real Oriental term with a precision sufficient for Mr. W. W. Hunter, he pleads for a large and a liberal recognition of the popular spelling, such as Viceroys and Secretaries of State, to say nothing of humbler administrators, are compelled to adopt, instead of some explanation which explains nothing and some periphrasis which overshoots or goes far wide of the mark.

So much for the general plan, scope, and character of the Glossary. We shall now give samples of the various classes of words. Several have erroneously been fathered on some vernacular dialect. In reality they are no more Hindi, Bengali, or Marathi than they are Anglo-Saxon. They would be disclaimed by a Pundit from the Sanskrit College at Benares quite as much as by an agriculturist in the Doab or the Deccan. The little birds called Avadavats originally came from Ahmedabad in Guzerat. This derivation is made clear by citations from Fryer and early travellers; but why did Colonel Yule omit to cite the Avadavats and Indian crackers of Joseph Surface, which Sir Oliver thought were poor substitutes for his 12,000? A very big rat known all over India, to Englishmen at least, as the Bandicoot, has been carried to Queensland. But no native knows anything of Bandicoots, and very few Englishmen are aware that the word is Telugu, *pandi-Kokku*, lit. pig-rat. We apprehend that this and similar explanations are due to the penetration of Mr. Burnell. A Bobbery pack is correctly given as a pack of dogs of different breeds—a scratch pack, in fact, composed of mongrel, puppy, whelp and hound, and curs of low degree. Young officers, Colonel Yule says, hunt jackals with a Bobbery pack. He might have added that they have often filled the stables and supplied the recreation of Collectors, grave Judges, and Commissioners in the bright mornings of the dewy or cold season. The origin of the term is *bap-ré* or *bap-re-bdp*, an

interjection used by the natives to express surprise, thence transferred to any sudden noise or disturbance, and ultimately bestowed on a yelping pack of dogs. Colonel Yule, who is by no means disinclined to give an honest vent to his political feelings now and then, quotes a letter from a correspondent written "some years ago":—"What a Cabinet — has put together! A regular Bobbery pack." The writer must surely be in error as to the date. The letter cannot but have been written any time after the 1st of February of the current year. A Bungalow is a house with no upper story at all, and generally with a roof of thatch. We quite agree in the explanation that this term is a native one, *bangla* or *bangala*. In Bengal and notably in the districts near Calcutta, native houses to this day are divided into *Ath-chala*, *Chau-chala*, and *Bangala*, or eight-roofed, four-roofed, and Bengali or common huts. The first term does not imply that the house has eight coverings, but that the roof has four distinct sides with four more projections, so as to cover a verandah all round the house, which is square. The four-roofed house has four sides, but no verandah. The Bangala or Bengali house or bungalow has a sloping roof on two sides and two gable ends. Doubtless the term was taken up by the first settlers in Bengal from the native style of edifice, was materially improved, and was thence "carried to other parts of India." It is not necessary to assume that the first bungalows were erected in Behar. The origin of Calcutta seems to have exercised Colonel Yule, as it certainly has many inquiring philologists. We submit to him that it is merely a corruption of Kali Ghaut, the celebrated Hindu temple to that goddess in the southern suburbs of Calcutta, which existed before the English factory and fort. The French capital of Chandernagore very likely means the "Moon City," and not the "City of Sandal Wood." But the natives still prefer to designate that capital as Farash-danga, or the gathering together of Frenchmen. The Anglo-Indian term *compound*, meaning the garden round the house of any *Sahib* or what in Scotland is called "the policies," has usually been derived from a Portuguese word, *Campanha*. But Colonel Yule prefers the Malay *Kam-pang*—an enclosure or fenced place. But how it came from the Straits Settlements to the shores of Bengal is not quite so clear, though it may have accompanied the Malay *padi* or paddy, or rice, and *amok* or *a-mak*, and some others. Ghauts with Anglo-Indians may mean three things. A Ghaut is a landing-place or flight of steps of brick or stone, on the banks of a river or reservoir; a mountain pass in certain parts of India; and the mountain ranges on the western coast which separate the table-land of the Deccan from the Concan. We believe that by the natives the term is applied only to a bathing-place or landing at a ferry. Gram, the *Cicer arietinum*, and the food of horses all over India, may be found in the Wellington Despatches, as well as in the latest monthly statistics of the Board of Revenue. But the word is unknown to any native shopkeeper or agriculturist. It is the Portuguese *graço* or grain, and is largely consumed by sheep fed up and killed for the English resident or the Mutton Club of the Station.

And famous was the table that good Mr. Simms did keep,
With his Bombay ducks, his Madras fowls, and his gram-fed Patna sheep.

A Bombay duck is the dried *bummelo* fish and a Duck is a gentleman of the Bombay Presidency, just as a *Koihai*, vulgarly *Quihye*, is one of Bengal, and a Muli one of Madras. A third-rate Indian story is rarely without some Mrs. Mango or some Colonel Mulligatawney. Both words are Tamil. The former is *man-kay* in that language and *manga* in Portuguese. The latter is *mili-gut-tannir* or pepper-water. In truth, divers current terms come from the Portuguese, and some have actually been adopted by the natives, and may be found in the best Hindustani dictionaries. The *hackery* or common bullock-cart is spoken of by the native driver or agriculturist as *sagar gari* in Bengal Proper and, as we find from Mr. Grierson's latest work, in Behar also. Colonel Yule will hardly improve on Mr. H. H. Wilson's suggestion that *hackery* is merely the Portuguese verb *accarear*, to carry. The word occurs in Fryer and other travellers of the seventeenth century. Few persons have ever heard of the word *kittysol* or *kitsoll*, though it was recently included in the Indian Customs list. It is the Portuguese *quita-sol*, the French *parapluie*, "a guard against the sun," an umbrella. Another article of this kind, the Roundell, was a sort of circular umbrella. The old Directors more than one hundred years ago, with their praiseworthy desire to check extravagance in their junior servants and writers, forbade the employment of these necessary articles as well as of the natives who held them over their masters when they walked to office, before the introduction of buggies. One young gentleman of humour and invention altered the form of the prohibited article, and called it a *Squaredel*, insisting that no order had been issued against its use. *Ni'am*, a sale, is unquestionably the Portuguese *Leilam*, and so, no doubt, are *Padre*; *admira*, a chest of drawers; the cobra; *camiz*, a shirt; and the universal caste. But *mistar*, a workman, we should derive from the Arabic *mistar*, a rule or line, especially when it is coupled with the Persian *rez*, when it means a mason or bricklayer. *Sutar-mistar* similarly is the carpenter. *Paria*, a term of contempt applied to dogs, kites, and outcasts or men of the lowest caste, is not Portuguese, as is often asserted. There appears to be a low set of Hindus in Southern India who are Parayars or Parayan. In Madras itself they form twenty-one per cent. of the Hindu population. This derivation rests on such unimpeachable authorities as Bishop Caldwell and Sir Walter Elliot, K.C.S.I. In Upper India and Bengal men of the lowest caste are known as *chandals*.

Not less amusing are some absurd inversions or assimilations to supposed English sounds which have come from Tommy Atkins, supercargoes, and early settlers very imperfectly acquainted with the grammar or structure of any one native language. *Siyah Gosh*, literally the "black-ear" or the lynx, has become Shoe-goose; the Arabic Ghaziya, an attack on infidels by a Ghazi, is metamorphosed into the French *razzin*: a hat of the pith called *sola*, an aquatic plant, has been made into "solar," seeing that it does protect from the sun; the Yuva Raja, young king or heir-apparent, has been transformed into Upper Roger by a generation that could write placidly of the Buncello (the Bhonsla), and Sir Roger Dowler for the tyrant of Moorshedabad; and two Indian potentates, Shir Khan Sur and Adil Khan, appear in Portuguese accounts as Xercansor and Hidalcan. The former was the famous Afghan adventurer who for a time displaced Humayun, the father of the Emperor Akbar, and the latter was the founder of the Mahomedan dynasty at Bijapur that rose on the dissolution of the Bahmani kingdom. Colonel Yule's geographical explanations are well worthy of the editor of *Marco Polo*. There are three places famous, more or less, in Indian annals which are spelt and pronounced similarly in maps, treatises, grave histories, and books of travel. From three different originals they have all been turned into Bassein. One is really Wasai, an old port north of Bombay, long held by the Portuguese as Bacaim. The second is the Burmese word Bathein, and is known to us as Bassein, a station on the Irrawadi in Pegu. The third is a town in the Berars.

Colonel Yule will not be offended if we point out one or two—blunders we shall not call them—but omissions or defects. He says he does not know the origin of the common word *tum tum*, which he explains by "dog-cart." We have always understood it to be a mere corruption of our word "tandem," a high-wheeled dog-cart, to which a leader is often attached by ambitious Civil servants. The Sanskrit word for Suttee, when the wife burns with her husband's body and not with one of his relics, is Saha-Marana as well as Saha-Gamana. To the list of servants jestingly included in the term *Khalifa* should be added the *nalband* or farrier. We can give no help towards the origin of the floriken or florican. It has a Dutch twang. Captain Baldwin in his *Large and Small Game of Bengal* gives the zoological and the native term for this bird and its lesser variety of the *Lik*, and assumes floriken to be English. But surely Mr. Carnegie is quite right in stating that *Ingles* or *Ingles*, the sepoy term for a pension, is a corruption of "English." Native Governments do not confer pensions on old servants. They grant them a village or an assignment of land rent free. Goordore or Gordower is explained as a kind of boat used in Bengal, and "of obscure etymology." We believe that this vessel, which carries Inspectors of police and Magistrates over Eastern and Central Bengal, is only the Persian *gardana*, a patrol, or else *gardawar*, a boat that goes "all round" the district on inspection. Surely a Martingale is good English and not Arabic. We always believed that this was the invention of some skilled horseman who gave it his own surname, like a Brougham, a Stanhope, a Wellington boot, or the new word Boycott. *Dohai*, the cry of the oppressed in many parts of India, is better explained by Wilson as *hai*, alas! twice (do) uttered, than by Colonel Yule as *droha*, the Sanskrit word for hatred. The single exclamation *hai* is common enough. *Hai marna* is to sigh in current Hindi or Urdu. *Gup*, tittle-tattle or the small talk of society, is only an abbreviation of the Sanskrit *jalpa*, the Bengali *golpo*. Rum-Johnny or Ramjohmny is obviously vulgar, but we should doubt its coming from *Ramzan*, as alleged by Captain T. Williamson, the author of *A Vade Mecum*. Walter Scott, who is quite correct in making Bertram talk of his imprisonment by the Looties, puts Ram-Johnny or something like it into the mouth of one of the servants at the Kippletringan Arms, who informs the Deacon and the landlady that his master Colonel Mannering had defeated "the great Mahratta chief, Ram Jolly Bundleman." *Puttan*, whence comes *puttani*, the most important of the sub-infeudations of the Bengal Zamindar, has, we think, no connexion with a *potta* or with *patna*, to be closed as a bargain. It is only *puttan*, falling or letting drop, the term invariably used by a Zamindar when he establishes or lets drop a new ryot on his lands. Hence the word was applied by that class to the biggest of modern Bengali sub-tenures. We throw out these suggestions in reply to Colonel Yule's invitation, and we may add that we have looked in vain for the following words:—*nutkut*, a little scamp; *Filsuf*, a crafty fellow, a fearful descent from the Greek philosopher; *barani kurti*, an overcoat, vulgarly pronounced *brandy kurti*; *pauper-nalish*, a suit in *forma pauperis*; *pusengar-gari* and *mal gari*, both due to the introduction of railways and meaning the passenger train and the goods train; and *Manwari jahaz*, in which it is at first not easy to discover a man-of-war. But in hunting for a particular expression we have often been well repaid, though not in the exact coin we wanted. This Glossary cannot fail to be useful to half a dozen persons besides etymologists and antiquarians; to the student of Anglo-Indian manners; to the unpassed subaltern striving with might and main for the Staff Corps; to the Joint Magistrate posted to a lonely subdivision; to the English lady seeing strange figures and hearing strange sounds at Porell, Barrackpore, or Guindy; and to the Q.C. who, amidst the congratulations of his competitors on circuit, has just accepted the office of Chief Justice in one of Her Majesty's High Courts in India.

FOUR NEW NOVELS.*

A DISTINCTLY remarkable addition has been made to modern fiction in the one-volume novel by Miss Alma Tadema which she has chosen to call *Love's Martyr*. The book, as might be expected from so young a writer, is admirable rather for the promise it gives of fine work in the future than for completeness in itself; but the simple directness of style and the rare gift of vividly presenting scenes and situations with dramatic force give good hope that, with more knowledge of life and nature, the novelist may bring her talent to bear upon truer and finer conceptions of character than are to be found in the somewhat fantastic story before us. The arrangement of the tale strongly recalls the masterpiece of Miss Emily Brontë; but, unlike the author of *Wuthering Heights*, Miss Tadema—probably from lack of that knowledge of character which comes from a longer acquaintance with the problems of life—has produced a somewhat incongruous mixture of highly-wrought modern feeling with the coarser manners of the first years of the century, in which period she has placed her story. Rosamund Merry, born of a French mother under the Reign of Terror, comes to England to the charity of her father's brother and his peculiarly egotistical and ill-mannered family. The character of the Squire is drawn after the manner of the last-century novelists. He has a good heart, but he is rough to brutality, and countenances his match-making wife and a heartless pretty daughter in treating the interloper with a coarse cruelty and malicious scorn that we cannot but hope to be exceptional in any age. Under this very rough treatment the heroine has developed into a somewhat unprepossessing young woman when she is first introduced to us, bursting in—ragged, wet, and unwelcome—from the rain outside into the warm parlour within. There is, however, an undreamed-of beauty in the swarthy complexion and tangled black locks, a smouldering tenderness in the dark eyes, a hidden grace in the tall, uncouth form, all of which are to spring into life at the sight of one Sebastian Earle, who comes to visit the country family from some unexplained sphere of prospective greatness in the metropolis. Edward Field—the supposed writer of the tale—is a good-natured young man of somewhat conflicting characteristics. He is startled by the sudden revelation of beauty in Rosamund into an absorbing love for her, which soon lands him in unpleasant relations with the handsome swain from the city. That Rosamund's heart has awakened and gone forth simultaneously to the beautiful stranger is so clearly apparent that the match-making mother, with somewhat unusual generosity, forgets her own daughters to make the best of her niece's prospects, in the hope that the newcomer may rid the house of her for ever. To this Sebastian will not consent. He denies any feeling but that of friendship for the girl, and when brought to bay by her defender, Edward Field, speaks of a promise exacted by a dying mother to the effect that he will only suffer the influence of love where it will help him in the pursuit of fame. Rosamund, heart-broken and deserted, is left to the jeers of her aunt and cousins. They tell her that she will never be fit to be a gentleman's wife, and turn her out into the farmyard. Edward Field, it is true, would marry her in the face of all the taunts, but she will have none of him, and it is in sheer desperation that she at last seeks charity and shelter from the old uncle with whom he lives. Here she spends two peaceful years, meekly endeavouring to refine and educate herself to fitness for the man she loves, under the kindly wing of Uncle Philip, one of the most human characters in the book. Field again asks her to be his, but it is not until after the death of her benefactor—told in a very short and striking scene—that she consents to become the wife of her commonplace and devoted lover. At a ball given on the eve of the marriage Sebastian Earle reappears. He is still in pursuit of fame, and has no intention of confessing his love for Rosamund. Even when she announces her coming marriage he does not betray himself. It is she who betrays herself, and implores him to take her, whether as his wife or no. He is still true to his promise, and she is left to the care of her betrothed husband, who has overheard the conversation. However we may judge the scene to be false in conception, it is undoubtedly powerful in the expression of passion. What follows is interesting to the end, in spite of the young writer's inability to cope with the magnitude of the problem before her. The husband and wife live together, and become the parents of children, upon whom the mother lavishes all the wealth of her pent-up affection; but they live in secret estrangement—he torn with jealousy of his wife's past memories, she brooding upon her lost love, and utterly unable either to find even moderate contentment in the self-chosen duties that lie close to her hand, or to construct for herself any other world than that one narrow chamber where she dwells in pathetic silence face to face for ever with her disappointed hopes. The husband to whom she gave herself never succeeds in winning from her anything more than a sad appreciation of his virtues, although he is the father of her children, and is quite as morbidly absorbed in her as she is in the skeleton of her lost love. We know that love takes no account of the

* *Love's Martyr*. By Miss Alma Tadema. London: Longmans & Co. 1886.

Pomegranate Seed. By the Author of "The Two Miss Flemings." London: Sampson Low & Co. 1886.

A Daughter of Fife. By Amelia B. Barr. London: Clarke & Co. 1886.

The History of a Week. By L. B. Walford. London: Blackwood & Sons. 1886.

worthiness of the object; but that this luckless heroine should waste her life pining for so very poor-spirited a fellow as Sebastian Earle is truly grievous, and one cannot but give a little sigh for her when she falls a victim at last to her sorrowful passion. The last scene is another powerful bit of description. Sebastian, ruined in health and fortunes, and too late recognizing his mistake, returns thirsting for one glimpse of the woman whom he has spurned. The boon is perhaps not unnaturally denied him, and, stung by Sebastian's assertion that he possesses the soul, if not the person, of his wife, Field descends to a cowardly lie, and leads him to suppose that Rosamund has confessed to her old love being now a thing of the past. Stunned by this blow, Earle falls on the snowy road, where he is left by his rival to be run over an hour afterwards by a passing carriage. His maimed body is carried to the house, and he dies at the feet of the woman whom he worships. *Love's Martyr* is a book which cannot fail to rivet the attention of the reader, but he will scarcely put it down with a feeling of complete satisfaction. The tune, if it needs must be played only on the string of exalted passion, should be of a wider range and finer feeling than the one egotistical cry wrung from the breasts of these helpless and hopeless lovers. A first effort should not, however, be judged by its conception, but by its power of realization; and, if Miss Tadema can bring anything like the power here revealed to bear upon more living and possible characters, she may take a high place among the novelists of her day.

Pomegranate Seed, by the author of *The Two Miss Flemings*, belongs to an interesting class of the three-volume novel. It deals with varied types, chosen from the secret societies of Poland and Ireland. The heroine herself is the daughter of a well-known Polish patriot; the wife of an Irish revolutionist, who turns informer; and the mother of a little daughter, whom she vainly strives to save from her father's fatal machinations. The Countess Staroska—she will not be called plain Mrs. Barrington—is an interesting though somewhat mythical person, and contrasts admirably with the more commonplace characters of her slippery husband and the pleasant Irish family who inhabit the castle on the wild sea-coast. The episode in which, left to her father's unscrupulous care by the summons of her patriotic mother to Warsaw, the poor little "Princess" falls a victim to a mysterious personage known as "Le Numéro Quinze," is certainly a little strained; but we are glad to find out at last that the patriotic murder which this unhappy man supposes himself to have committed was in reality the work of Mike Barrington, and we are content to hear of the return of the little violin-player to her strange husband, and quite believe that he will succeed in winning her affections in spite of the childish terror with which she regarded him in the days when she was given to him by force.

Miss Amelia Barr does not aim at anything so stirring in her quiet tale of *A Daughter of Fife*. There is nothing novel either in plot or treatment in the story of the Scotch fisher-girl wooed and won by the very commonplace son of a good family; but Miss Barr is a refined writer, and her book may no doubt find favour in the hands of schoolgirls debarred from more interesting forms of literature.

The History of a Week could only appeal to the same class of readers. The work is quite free from either moral or mental reflections, and will put no strain upon the faculties. The drunken and malicious cripple excites neither our horror nor our sympathy, and even the injured Cinderella and the maligned lover cannot awaken in us any very keen interest.

TWO SHAKSPEARE BOOKS.*

IT is with not unreasonable dread that a lover of Shakespeare takes up a new book on the Sonnets. All the works of Shakespeare have been occasions of stumbling to the unwary, but the Sonnets most of all. The memorable statement of Hallam that it is impossible not to wish that Shakespeare had not written them; the midsummer madness of Mr. Gerald Massey; the literary mathematics of Mr. Armitage Brown; the curious aberration which made even so well equipped a student of Elizabethan literature as Professor Minto, almost in the act of doing a real service by indicating Chapman as the "rival poet," observe that "only-begetter seems strange in nineteenth-century ears; we should call the poet the only begetter" when, whatever begetter means in the nineteenth or any other century, it most surely does not mean bringer-forth:—all these things crowd on the anxious mind. One remembers also how the present Professor of Poetry at Oxford, writing twenty years ago, and doing for the most part justice to the Sonnets, went out of his way to apologize for their "want of sanity," and to suggest that, really you know as a rule the bard was sane, and this little outbreak into insanity ought to be pardoned him. One looks about in all the crowd of scholiasts for one still strong man in a blatant land who will content himself with saying that here is some of the most exquisite, perhaps the most exquisite poetry in England's or the world's literature, that he thanks God

* *Shakspeare's Sonnets*. A Facsimile in Photolithography of the First Quarto. By C. Prætorius. With an Introduction by Thomas Tyler. London: Prætorius. 1886.

The Merry Wives of Windsor. By W. Shakespeare. Edited, with Notes, from the collections of the late J. F. Stanford. By H. B. Wheatley. London: G. Bell & Sons. 1886.

and Shakespeare therefor, and that, as for the particular persons who inspired it or the particular allusions which it may contain, he does not care one twopenny Duke of Wellington.

The present edition is not destined to disturb or irritate a reader of this class. Mr. Prætorius's photographic facsimile is as such a producer's (not begetter's) work might be expected to be—admirably done; and the well-known and exceptional typographic correctness of the Sonnet quarto makes such a facsimile a much more satisfactory edition than some other things of the same kind. The introductory matter by Mr. Thomas Tyler is interesting and sensible. It goes, indeed, into those questions of personality and allusiveness which we have indicated as not holding a very high place in our own estimation. But it goes into them in a sober spirit and with much not useless erudition. It may be admitted at once that Mr. Tyler has made out a very strong case for identifying the famous "Dark Lady" of the Sonnets, the "woman coloured ill" who has so terribly disturbed Shakspearian students, with Mistress Mary Fitton, Maid of Honour to Queen Elizabeth, and miscalled Anne in the dedication of the somewhat famous *Nine Days Wonder* of William Kemp, the actor and morrice-dancer. This *Nine Days Wonder*, or history of his dance from London to Norwich, by the way, any one who knows it not may find in the seventh volume of Mr. Arber's *English Garner*, and may read it with much profit. It is not too strongly urged that even this circumstance strengthens to some degree the notion of Mary Fitton's connexion with Shakespeare. But the strongest point of the theory is that Mistress Fitton was unquestionably the paramour of Pembroke, and not of him only, there being actually record of her two husbands as well as of another lover—a state of things quite sufficiently accordant with the hints given in the Sonnets as to the character of the Dark Lady. There does not seem to be any corroboration as to the personal features on which Shakespeare lays so much stress; but that is nothing, though, if we cared for chicanery, we might say whether Kemp (Mr. Tyler does not notice this) was likely to use the words in his dedication about Mistress Fitton's "pure judgment seeing beauty in a Blackamoor" if she herself was so very dark. However, it must be admitted that Mr. Tyler has made out a good case for people who like such things. He has added some notes on the connexion of Drayton's *Idea* with Shakespeare which we rather wish he had worked out more fully. We have always ourselves had a very strong suspicion that the famous sonnet, "Since there's no help," which is so unlike Drayton and so like Shakespeare, belongs to the latter.

We do not know that we have ever seen a prettier edition of a single play of Shakespeare's than Mr. Wheatley has produced of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. The bulk of the notes, and apparently the design of publishing the book, are due to the late Mr. J. F. Stanford, known for the large lexicological collections which he left to the University of Cambridge, with funds for publishing them. The book is a small octavo of the handsomest size, charmingly bound in white parchment, with the famous arms in gold on the sides, printed on fair hand-made paper, with a good, but not excessive, margin, uncut edges, gilt top, and all the *mundus* which is so dear to the book-lover and so unintelligible or disgusting to the utter barristers who leave their books to be cut by clerks and complain of publishers neglecting their business by not adopting the hideous American plough. The text takes a hundred and twenty pages, the notes about the same, and Mr. Wheatley has prefixed a careful introduction of about seventy, between which and the notes even the most inquisitive reader can hardly fail to have his curiosity satisfied. We have little but praise for Mr. Wheatley's editing, though we do not always agree with his critical conclusions. His text is constructed on sound and conservative principles, and his introduction is, as has been said, full of information, without, as a rule, trespassing into the dotage and anecdote of certain Shakespeare-Society critics. True, we can only wonder when Mr. Wheatley says that Shakespeare evidently did not connect the two Mrs. Quicklys (of *The Merry Wives* and of the three historical plays) "by any closer tie than a sameness of name." For, whether it be or be not easy to decide at what time Mrs. Quickly ceased house-keeping for that single gentleman Dr. Caius, and took a lease of the "Boar's Head," nothing is more certain than that the woman who conversed with Rugby and the woman who narrated Sir John's faithless pledges sitting by a sea-coal fire are one. Nor do we see any reason whatever for the odd notion that the venison which Falstaff killed was the same as that which Shallow gave to Page. This notion seems to spring from the word "ill-killed." But a famous saying of Johnson's need hardly be quoted to show that this means something quite different; in fact that the butcher had done his work ill. The notes appear to be Mr. Stanford's, redacted and supplemented by Mr. Wheatley. They are a little voluminous, but not unpardonably so. In short, we should have no objection if somebody would edit every play of Shakespeare in similar form and present us with a copy. It would take some room, but one can spare room for Shakespeare.

The play which has been thus exceptionally honoured has, we believe, gone relatively somewhat out of favour of late years. Its frank and breezy humour does not suit the taste of our time, and a public which could tolerate plays like *Nadjezda* would probably be shocked at it. Those who think with Rymer that a hero should always be victorious cannot get over Falstaff's discomfiture at the hands of ungrateful cast-off servants, of a pair of country goodwives, and of an ill-conditioned bumpkin like Ford. We are not sure that the crotchety anti-Royalism of the age does not think

the traditional story of the poet's having written to Queen Bess's order degrading. The opening for romantic interest in the Anne and Fenton business is not utilized as the nineteenth century would like. We (or rather not we but the others) are too superfluous for this thoroughly Aristophanic comedy. In regard to all which we can only say, so much the better for the wise people who do like *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. All children rejoice in it; short of the romantic age, it is probably the first favourite with boys among Shakespeare's plays. All healthy people continue through life to rejoice in its healthy fun, its downright though not prudish morality, its unfailing movement and humour—it's "life," in short. Did even Shakespeare ever draw anything in the more farcical lines of comedy better than Slender and Evans? Is there in him (much more, therefore, in any one else) a more delightful picture than that of the parson, full of valour, but also experiencing a great disposition to cry, and quavering out the blended melodies of play-books and the psalter? And Dr. Caius? and the bully Host? and Peter Simple, first of the name? and Robin the precocious, who we are privately certain knew Master Dumbledon's address, and had vainly tried, or was one day vainly to try, the effect of Bardolph's security on that suspicious tradesman? and, last and greatest, Mistress Quickly herself?

But, they say, Falstaff has bated, has fallen away, since the great action of Henry IV. That he is less victorious, less heroic, we of course allow; but that he is not equally great in disaster as erst in prosperity we do most sturdily deny. Where is the falling off? Not in the first scene with Shallow, where he conducts the examination of Pistol and company in a manner too masterly for any coram or custalorum of them all, and sums up, "You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen? You hear it?" when nothing has been denied at all, with sublime audacity. It is sad, no doubt, when he has to economize, and he does not show them so well. But how is a man to show well when he has to economize? It is the fault of fate, not of Falstaff. Nor, again, can a strict morality approve his plan for at once gratifying his tastes and replenishing his purse at Ford's expense; but then strict morality never was exactly Sir John's strong point. In the difficult, not to say degrading, adventures of the buck-basket and the cudgel his fate is still heavy on him; but observe the resolution with which he sticks to his purpose. And, even in the final fairy scene, what fire does he show at the beginning, what constancy at the end, what philosophy of moralizing in his dejection, what assurance throughout! When we banish Fat Jack we will banish all Shakespeare's comic world with him; and we say this of the Falstaff of the *Merry Wives* even as of him of the history.

ENGLISH LIFE IN CHINA.*

THE title *English Life in China* is an attractive one. There are visions of parties after snipe to Deep Bay on the Canton river; the journey in the Hakka boat or in the more speedy steam-launch; the young members of the party who will get up at four in the morning, start at five, and leave almost nothing on the ground for their older and less enthusiastic companions; the labour of tramping through the rice-fields, the blistered noses; the little Chinese brats who follow in the hope of picking up empty cartridges, who get peppered, and lead to the capture and ransoming of the unlucky sportsman. We expect to hear of a trip up the Yang-tsü from Shanghai in one of the luxurious house-boats, to Wu-hu or further, to have catalogues of huge bags of feather and fur, wild swans, geese, mallard, teal, pheasants, hares, deer, and accounts of jovial nights after the day's sport, and of the triumphant return to the "Bund" with the boat fastened all round with the spoil. Then there are the drag-hunts of the "Model Settlement" worthies, the gallops on the Pakhoi plain, the rowing on the Swatow river, with its neighbouring "skeletons of rotting hills." There is sure to be an account of a cricket match at Foo-chow, than which no town in the world has a racing and cricket ground with more magnificent surroundings. We shall be told of the trouble that the buried Chinamen are to the inhabitants of Ku-lang-sü; how pious descendants maintain and carry out their right to indulge in ancestral worship before the tomb of a grandfather, at the corner of your lawn-tennis ground, or in the middle of your flower-garden. There is even a suspicion that we may have a hint of the "whisky picnics" of the hospitable people of Amoy. We are likely to have some new tales of the ingenuity of the smugglers on the Canton River, whose fertility of device is an unfailing source of admiration to the European officers who trade up and down the Pearl River. We shall assuredly be told of the perpetual poker-playing that goes on aboard of the coasting steamers and ashore at almost every one of the Treaty Ports; of the brokers who abound in Shanghai and Hong Kong, who make the club their Stock Exchange, and get along in some entirely incomprehensible way. Then there are the China tiffins with their time-honoured toasts, never omitted by any one who has any respect for himself or the "old folks at home"; there are the amateur concerts and dramatic performances, which form so important a feature of English life in China. Tea, opium, and the missions come in as a matter of course, and, finally, there is the Shanghai man, proud of himself and his municipality, convinced that there are no places on earth and very few in Heaven that can equal the Model Settlement.

* *English Life in China*. By Major Henry Knollys, R.A. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

But Major Knollys is most disappointing. He does not tell us anything about English life in China except in the most casual and passing way. He gives us a chapter on Hong Kong, an account of a voyage he made to Shanghai to inspect the volunteers there, a trip up the Yang-tsü, and a visit on his way back to Foo-chow. He will tell us nothing about trade statistics because they are so inexpressibly dull; he will have nothing to do with accounts of sporting expeditions lest we should think him a bore; he does not know Chinese, and gives us his reasons for thinking that it is no use trying to learn the language. His book is therefore merely a sketchy account of a few excursions he made, and has no right whatever to the title of English life in China. The keynote of his book is to be found in the statement that "Europeans regard all who are not of their continent as half-intelligent and wholly strange baboons, with a strain of man-nature in them; the Asiatics here consider all who are not Chinese as 'Fung Yang' (foreign devils)—nearly all, not quite." Major Knollys does not like the Chinese. There are a good many Europeans who do not, but it is seldom that one meets with a gentleman who is so downright abusive as our author. He speaks of them as "a race which philanthropy alone can call human," of their "hideous, opaque, demon-looking faces." He refers to them habitually as "crafty and diabolical, wizened and skinny," "anthropoid demoniacal baboons," and so forth. "Why, their very method of eating would disgrace a well-bred jackal. With a large caldron of rice, and, on a separate dish in the centre, a fearful mess of salad and pickled fish or flesh carrion, each eater plunges his basin into the rice-pot, holds it close to his widely-stretched open mouth, and, with his two chopsticks in one hand, shovels the contents down his gullet with extraordinary rapidity. During the process he apparently neither masticates nor breathes—his eyes start from his head—he perspires—his cheeks and another department of his interior economy swell almost visibly, but he never ceases from his shovelling and his gulping, save for a second or two, when he turns to his pickled garbage for a relish." From all which we gather that the Major has a great talent for exaggeration, and that he has no acquaintance with any but coolie Chinamen. On the one occasion when he seems to have met a Mandarin, he must have rather astonished that dignitary. "We part with much ceremony, 'Chin-chin' we incessantly reciprocate, and press together the palms of the hands, by way of intimating, 'I have the honour to be, sir, your most obedient servant.' Do what I would, a European bow or two on my part would slip in; but I fancy he attributed it to a sort of St. Vitus's dance." "Chin-chin" is not Chinese, and would never be used by a Mandarin. Chinamen do not press the palms of the hands together in saluting one another, and they bow in the most elaborate way. When two Mandarins of equal rank meet, the struggle is as to who will bow lowest.

But our author is very hard to please. He absolutely condemns the climate; yet there are many who say that for several months during the year the climate of Hong Kong and Shanghai is superb, and not to be equalled in any part of the world. In June, July, and August the heat down in Queen's Road, Victoria, is, no doubt, stifling; but there are very few Europeans who live down in Queen's Road, and the short office hours they spend there do them no great harm. Not content with abusing the natives and the climate, the Major must needs fall foul of his own countrymen. He has a great scorn for the "Anglo-Chinese officials whose views scarcely range beyond the town of Victoria, and a number of clerks whose thoughts are engrossed with dollars and who are seeking their fortunes, which probably will be ultimately largely swallowed up in drink, play, and rowdyism." This is not very charitable; but what are we to think of what he has to say about the Hong Kong women:—"The most charitable criticism is that their attractions are on a par with their scanty numbers, and that those with whom an English gentleman would care to exchange two words of conversation are *rari nantes in gurgite vasto*." The conversation of the English in China, we are told, is limited "to inquiries as to how you like the place, to sordid matters of dollars, to racing speculations, and to spiteful petty scandal." Yet the Major seems to have met with the traditional Chinese hospitality wherever he went. But he has suspicions. "Perhaps the words 'Royal Artillery' after my name may have acted as an additional passport"; and of another host he can only say, "He would gladly receive as a guest even a first-class beast." When, after all this, we read, "There is, however, a corrective leaven in the shape of the military element, which represents by far the greater proportion of the educated and gentlemanlike stratum," we are inclined to rub our eyes. Let us turn to what he has to say of our Hong Kong soldiers. There, at any rate, we shall not find abuse. Major Knollys is proud of his cloth.

The men are strictly prohibited stirring out of barracks between 9 A.M. and 5 P.M., during the hot season; or, if some emergency renders the despatch of a European orderly necessary, he is provided with an immense sun-parasol, a certain number of which are furnished by the commissariat. To wear a forage-cap instead of a helmet before sunset is a punishable offence, and inspections are held to ascertain that each man has on a cholera-belt. Barrack accommodation is luxuriously spacious—commissariat coolies are told off to work punkahs in orderly-rooms, schools, workshops, and guard-rooms during the day, and during the night in the barrack-rooms—though, as an old gunner explained to me in one pregnant sentence, "Them punkah coolies are not of much 'count, sir, unless you keep a boot handy by your bedside"—i.e. to use as a missile. The following may be taken as a fair sample of Gunner Thomas Atkins's daily routine during the hot months. At 5 A.M. he awakens with a soft punkah breeze fanning him. 5.15. Cup of cocoa and a biscuit brought to his bedside by a coolie. (N.B. A silver salver is dispensed with.) 5.30. The barber coolie shaves him, still

in bed. 6. Bathing parade. 7.30. Breakfast, of which 4 lb. of beefsteak forms an invariable component. 8 to 11. Nothing whatever to do, and plenty to help him to do it—the everlasting coolies perform nearly all the cooking, sweeping, and cleaning up in barracks. 11. A short spell of school and theoretical instruction in gunnery. After dinner unanimous repose on bamboo matting, as being cooler than a mattress. 5 P.M. One hour's easy gun-drill. 6 to 10. Sally forth to chaff the Chinese folk, try a trifle of "samsu," and practically ascertain that this potent rice-spirit will prostrate with splitting headache the seasoned old soaker to whom a tumbler of brandy would be but as a glass of water. In fact, during the hot weather he merely mounts guard, and is available for emergencies; in the cool season he is of course made to rub up his drill. This idle life is not a happy one, destitute as it is to him of interest and active amusements, and in a very short time he becomes listless, depressed, and pulled down, contrasting painfully with his newly-landed, fresh-looking comrades. This unfavourable condition seems to extend to the officers. I have known it asserted that no efforts of a commanding officer can keep European troops permanently stationed at Hong Kong in a state of military efficiency.

Some of our soldiers are happily not quite so listless. Every visitor to Hong Kong must have had offered to him cases full of the brilliant butterflies that are to be captured down by "Happy Valley" and elsewhere, and he must have noticed that the vendors are not so very much pulled down after all. One would have expected some valuable details about the fortifications of Hong Kong from an artillery officer; but we get very little from Major Knollys, and part of what he tells us is wrong. There were in 1884 no forts or batteries commanding the narrow eastern or Lymoon sea-pass. It is questionable whether the battery planned to command that entrance to Hong Kong harbour was finished last year. It certainly cannot yet be very formidable.

There are some interesting details about tea-tasting which our author gathered when he was up the Yang-tsu, and there are some sensible remarks on the missionary question and on opium-smoking, but these are well-threshed-out subjects. Major Knollys had an interesting field for writing, but he has altogether misused or abused his opportunities. There is only one other matter that must be noticed. Major Knollys thinks the sound of Chinese monotonous! "A loud, wooden, expressionless, monotone cackle, without rise, fall, or rhythm," and "pidgin" English he considers incomprehensible because it is "rapidly slurred over in a monotonous tone of voice." Then have, indeed, all Sinologues been labouring in vain. Chinese monotonous! One would as soon say that the French are stately and stiff-backed.

ALL SORTS OF STORIES.*

THE terminology of contemporary literary criticism is lamentably deficient. In any comparison between literature and science one cannot but confess that the scientific person has prepared for himself a more exact and a more ample vocabulary of special terms, each having its own precise and unvarying significance, than that which the merely literary critic has at his command. The botanist and the biologist and all the other -ists have a host of words to indicate with unerring exactness to what department of nature any given specimen may belong and to declare its exact value when once it is classified. When the chemist, for example, calls a thing the protoxide of iron or the tungstate of manganese, he knows that all his fellows will comprehend at once and without further explanation the component parts of this thing, and their relations one to another, and the precise proportion of each the thing may contain. But the literary critic cannot avail himself of any such devices. He cannot, for instance, very well describe one of the harrowing mysteries of the late "Hugh Conway" as the Wilkie-Collinsate of Poe—much as he would like to do so, and much as it would facilitate his task. Nor can he refer to the sensational commonplaces of Miss Helen Mather as the Miss-Braddonise of Miss Broughton, in spite of the fact that the right to use a terminology like this would tend to make literary criticism simpler, more direct, and more easy to be understood of the people. And, even when the literary critic, after great labour and at the cost of sleepless nights, has taught himself so to handle his limited vocabulary that he can indicate in a manner more or less imperfect the chief characteristics of a novel, so that the wary reader may form a fair guess as to the school to which it belongs, even then he has no scale by which he can measure its value. He may say that Mr. White's poetry is fine, very fine, or exceedingly fine; but what then shall he say of the poetry of Tennyson, or Browning, or of those who are greater than they? He may say that a certain writer is popular or very popular; and what then may he say of Mr. Lewis Morris? The only serious attempt ever made to fill this long-felt want was due to a half-forgotten American humourist, John Phoenix, who endeavoured, some thirty years ago or more, to draw up a scale of verbal values on the model of the Centigrade thermometer. He suggested that we should use one

of the numbers between one and one hundred to indicate the intensity of our adjectives. Thus, if the weather was much what might be expected, we were to say that "it was a fair (50) day." If we had occasion to describe a day of Italian summer, we might record that "there was a cloudless (95) sky"—the reader would readily understand that the azure vault of heaven was almost wholly free from haze. John Phoenix, if we remember aright, was nothing daunted when he explained his scheme to his wife, and she replied that it was a very poor (99) idea, and quite worthy of his weak (90) intellect—we quote from memory. The inventor justly remarked that, although the opinion was uncomplimentary, the manner of its expression was as good evidence as he could wish as to the value of his device. The literary critic who may happen to be familiar with the labour-saving invention of the American humourist may well regret that it did not find its way into general use.

The Old Love or the New? is a story which it would be easy to define if one could use the nomenclature of the chemist, for instance, to indicate the exact proportions in which it is compounded of silliness and flippancy and bad taste and bad grammar, on the one hand, and of a certain liveliness and vivacity and "go," on the other. We should like to be able to call it the *Family Heraldite* of Mrs. Henry Wood. We should like to be able to use the Centigrade system of John Phoenix and to give a numerical value to the adjectives which we are moved to bestow upon the book; it is, for example, rather clever (45), evidently feminine (99) in its authorship, fairly interesting (57), shaky in its grammar (34), very doubtful in its taste (13), probably injurious (50) in its moral (25) effect, and to a reader of sound mind most exasperating (95) in its style. Why is it indeed that the use of the historic present, as it is called, is doubly irritating when we find it on every page of a novel full of feminine flippancy? The great advantage of the adoption of a scientific method, such as we have indicated above, would be that the critic, having declared his opinion with the most minute exactness, would not feel himself bound to prove it by any further analysis, either qualitative or quantitative. As it is, we feel it our duty to substantiate some of our opinions by shedding a little further light on the sequence of events in *The Old Love or the New?* and by specimens of the style in which they are narrated. In the beginning there are three sisters at school. The eldest is beautiful. She sees a handsome man in church. He writes her a note asking for an appointment, and he puts this note into her hymn-book in church. She goes to the appointment, falls in love with the handsome man (who is passing under a false name), and agrees to elope with him. But he fails at the tryst. So she marries somebody else, who happens to be "Derrick, Lord Lasselles." From an impulsive young beauty she changes to the stony beauty, with a dead heart, familiar enough in feminine fiction. The pseudonymous lover turns up too late, having had a good excuse for not having come to time. But the eldest sister is married and so is the second; the third, however, bids fair to rival the eldest in beauty. So he marries her. It is the third who tells the story in the first person and the present tense. Mr. Locker's "Nice Correspondent" wrote that she was "reading Sir Waverley Scott—the story of Edgar and Lucy, how thrilling, romantic, and true!" and declares that, while she likes the Master of Ravenswood, "his bride was a goosy!" This auto-biographic bride is a goosy (99), if we may again borrow the scale of the American humourist. The author, speaking in the person of her heroine, records her own easy victory in many wit-combats such as were never seen at the "Mermaid." She tells us that "Lady Lasselles says she is going to lay down" (sic)—the school where these three graces were educated apparently paid as little attention to their grammar as to their morals. All three young ladies are addicted to the insertion of an unnecessary "ever" after any stray "what"—thus (p. 127), "Whatever is the mystery? Is it the Colonel?" and (p. 120), "Whatever will you do when Captain Cust is married?" And another young lady remarks (p. 121), "You always get on with those queer sort of men."

Roses of Shadow is a novel of another sort altogether. Its classification is easy, for it has its place in the division "American novel," and in the subdivision "Bostonian novel." Now we will not attempt to deny that too many Bostonian novels are a weariness of the flesh, and that the attempt to elevate a provincial town like Boston into a centre of literary light is not without its comic aspects; yet there are Bostonian novels and Bostonian novels; and *Roses of Shadow* is a good Bostonian novel—perhaps we may be permitted to say that it is a good (75) Bostonian (90) novel. (Really it is a great pity that the Centigrade system of criticism has not come into general use.) *Roses of Shadow* is in almost every respect the exact opposite of *The Old Love or the New?* It is a manly tale, and it is the work of a cultivated gentleman, who writes with ease, and who views life with humorous philosophy. It is not a great book, and its publication is not a literary event. But it is a well-written and interesting story; the style is clear and clean-cut; the characters are genuine and observed. The most original, perhaps, is a certain Bruni, an Italian painter, who has set up his easel in the Puritan capital, and who is the good genius of the story. But even better, although slighter and seen only for a few moments, is the sharply-projected figure of the old sailor, Captain Bromfield, the father of the charming heroine. One merit has *Roses of Shadow* which it shares with most other American novels; it is witty and it is brief. The American, like the Frenchman, is free to write his story at any length he pleases, and to stop when his story comes to

* *The Old Love or the New?* By the Author of "Nine Peas in a Pod" &c. ("The Family Story-Teller.") London: William Stevens.

Roses of Shadow. A Novel. By T. H. Sullivan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Upon a Cast. By Charlotte Dunning. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Strange Story of Eugenia, The Necromancer's Hand, &c. &c. By Miss Helen H. Coode. With Illustrations by the Author. London: Griffith, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh.

After-Dinner Stories from Balzac. Done into English by Myndart Verelst. With an Introduction by Edgar Saltus, Author of "The Philosophy of Disenchantment." New York: George J. Coombes.

an end, regardless of any pressure to make three-volumed bricks when he has straw enough for one volume only.

Mr. Lowell, in that delightful little book of his, *Fireside Travels*, which is far less known in England than it deserves to be, tells his fellow-citizens that, "however needful it may be to go abroad for the study of aesthetics, a man may find here also pretty bits of what may be called the social picturesque, and little landscape over which that Indian-summer atmosphere of the past broods as sweetly and tenderly as over a Roman ruin." The truth of this saying can be seen in Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter* and Mr. Cable's *Old Creole Days*. That it is possible for an American author to get a sort of modern foreignness without going outside of the limits of the United States Mr. Bret Harte proved, and after him "Charles Egbert Craddock" and Mr. Edward Eggleston and the author of *Uncle Remus*. It is a discovery not wholly unlike theirs which gives freshness to *Upon a Cast*. Miss Charlotte Dunning has done a new thing; she has written a novel of American society, the scene of which is not laid in New York or Boston or Washington or Newport or Saratoga. She has introduced us to a company of ladies and gentlemen—we use the words advisedly—living in one of the pretty little towns which are strung along the banks of the Hudson. Here is a town which is frankly provincial as Boston is unconsciously provincial, and which accepts the situation and makes the best of it. *Upon a Cast* is bright and brisk; its story is sufficient, to say the least; its people are pleasant, well bred, well educated, clever; and its dialogue, which is abundant, is admirable in its ease and point. Yet, after all, perhaps the chief merit of Miss Charlotte Dunning's novel is that it gives us an insight, which we feel to be well founded and real, into the life and the ways and the manners and the habits of thought of the people living in a region hitherto wholly neglected by the American writer of fiction.

The *Strange Story of Eugenia* and the two other short stories which are bound up with it in a little pamphlet are very easy to classify, even without the aid of scientific terms or the American Centigrade scale. They are apparently the work of an intelligent and clever young lady, whose grammar is accurate and who has been taught to draw, for they are illustrated by a dozen or so slight sketches by the author herself. They are just the thing for household consumption, and we have little doubt that it was the success they attained in the family circle which led to their infliction on the broader public, now asked to pay a shilling for three crude and empty tales by an untrained amateur who had read Poe and the *Tales from Blackwood*, and who thought that she had caught the trick of the supernatural, the weird, and the horrible. It was an act of cruelty to expose these pretty specimens of domestic literature to a cold and jeering world.

All that *The Strange Story of Eugenia*, &c. tries to be the last volume on our list is. Under the title of *After-Dinner Stories* an American admirer of Balzac has translated into English four of the best of the short tales of the great French novelist. The selection seems happy; it includes four stories, here called "The Red Inn," "Madame Fermiani," "The Grande Bretèche," and "Madame de Beauséant." The first is perhaps Balzac's most successful attempt at the tale of the kind with which we are wont now to associate the name of Edgar Allan Poe. Of course the Frenchman's manner is very different from the American's, but in substance the tale told of "The Red Inn" is one which Poe would have used to advantage had it occurred to him; and he would have been delighted with "The Grande Bretèche," from which, by the way, Mr. Hamilton Aïde openly borrowed the fundamental situation of his play of *Philip*, acted by Mr. Irving ten years ago. All these stories are strong, and they are well told; but a story of this sort was not what Balzac did best, well as he did it. The translation is adequate; it flows smoothly; but it is a little too full of needless Gallicisms. The ideal translator should know both languages perfectly, and the ordinary translator—alas!—knows both languages very imperfectly. It is pleasant to be able to praise the present translation as much above the average. The introduction by Mr. Edgar Saltus is worthy of the author of the clever book about Balzac published a year or two ago.

ROYAL JUBILEES.*

IT was of course not to be hoped for that the makers-up of books should neglect such an opportunity for the exercise of their craft as the near approach of the fiftieth year of Her Majesty's reign. Probably this book will be followed by others on the same subject and of the same sort. For ourselves, after reading what Mr. Ellis has produced we are prepared for any fate. Padding has surely done its worst upon us. We know now that people who sit down to write about the fiftieth years of the reigns of Henry III., Edward III., and George III., finding that they have not materials enough to fill the required number of pages, will write about Mosaic and Papal jubilees. No one probably will again inflict upon us an account of the reign of Egbert, which certainly did not last fifty years. Mr. Ellis, however, has reason for the course he has taken. He knows all about a certain meeting of the Witan, neglected by the careless compilers of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, at which "the names of Saxons and Britain were cancelled" and other wondrous things took place. As might be expected from his special knowledge on the subject of the Witan, he is great on

* *The Royal Jubilees of England*. By William Ellis. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1886.

Parliaments. "In 1376," he says, "the election of knights of the shire was transferred from the sheriffs to landowners." He really ought to have told us how many sheriffs went to a county before this important political change. In case only a few sheriffs attended at an election, were under-sheriffs allowed to vote? Was a disputed election confirmed if only one sheriff had voted, provided he could prove that it was made unanimously? Like many other ignorant persons, Mr. Ellis vehemently asserts that the franchise is a right and not a privilege, he considers that from 1832 on to last year "the Tory party floundered"—he should be a good judge of floundering—"among fancy franchises," and declares that we are bound to come "to universal adult suffrage—male and female," the logical consequence, he contends, of the Chandos clause. All this helps to fill up the chapter on Henry III. No special information is forthcoming about Henry's "jubilee," for in his reign "the jubilee idea," we are told, "was entombed in the Biblical record." Little is known about the "jubilee" of Edward III. In the overflows of his knowledge about the Georgian "jubilee," however, Mr. Ellis manages to blunder hopelessly; for he asserts more than once that when Canning and Castlereagh "met hostilely," they were both of them Secretaries of State. Whatever we may yet have to suffer from "jubilee" books, we close this with the not unreasonable belief that we shall scarcely meet with another such abject specimen of bookmaking.

SIX LEGAL BOOKS.*

THE honoured name of Archbold is probably familiar to a large proportion of practising barristers only in connexion with criminal law; but the relative obscurity which has befallen the other works by the same author is the consequence less of any demerits of theirs than of the phenomenal success of the volume with the aid of which every indictment is drawn, and without reference to which it is hardly possible for the smallest point of criminal law to be deliberately argued. Messrs. Mead and Croft, in preparing a new edition of *The Practice of the Court of Quarter Sessions*, have not only rendered pious homage to the reputation of a distinguished writer, but conferred a substantial service on their professional brethren. The preceding and third edition was published as long ago as 1869, and to the best of our belief has been out of print for some considerable time. The present edition, therefore, of necessity contains a great deal of new matter, and its preparation has involved much labour in the way of rearrangement. The editors have exercised a wise discretion in greatly reducing the bulk of the part of the work referring to the criminal jurisdiction of the court. The procedure and the law administered on the criminal side of the court being identical with those obtaining in other courts where indictments may be tried, there is clearly no object in reproducing here what is to be found in the standard works on criminal law, and the brief statement of the jurisdiction of the court and how it is restrained within legal bounds, which now forms the last chapter, though in no way redundant is amply adequate to the requirements of the case. As a compendious statement of the less notorious but in one sense far more important part of the work of the justices in quarter sessions the present edition will be found exceedingly useful. The two learned, though brief and business-like, chapters "Of General and Quarter Sessions," and "Of the Commission of the Peace," with which the book begins, are new, and so for the most part is the more elaborate disquisition on the local extent of the jurisdiction, and with respect to these it is a high but deserved compliment to say that they are thoroughly worthy of Archbold's book. Considerably over one-third of the volume is occupied by the chapter dealing with the immense collection of subjects over which the justices have either civil or administrative jurisdiction, and which has been largely increased by various statutory enactments since the issue of the last edition. According to Messrs. Mead and Croft's classification they number forty-seven, and persons not practically acquainted with the business of sessions may be surprised to hear that they include topics so dissimilar as gas companies, judges' lodgings during the assizes, polling-places, racecourses, lunatic asylums, sewers, registration, and destructive insects. Not the least useful part of the book will be Appendix A, in which the procedure relating to the appeals triable at sessions is presented in a tabulated form of remarkable convenience and ingenuity. Appendix B, which is a tabular statement of offences which

* *The Practice of the Court of Quarter Sessions, and its Civil, Administrative, and Appellate Jurisdiction*. By John Frederick Archbold, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. Fourth Edition, revised and enlarged. By Frederick Mead, Esq., and H. H. S. Croft, Esq., M.A., Barristers-at-Law. London: Shaw & Sons.

Leading Cases and Opinions on International Law; with Notes and Excursions. By Pitt Cobbett, M.A., B.C.L., of Gray's Inn, Barrister-at-Law. London: Waterlow & Sons.

The Laws relating to Young Children. By C. C. M. Baker, B.A., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Waterlow & Sons.

The Criminal Law Amendment Act, 1885. By R. W. Burnie, Barrister-at-Law. London: Waterlow & Sons.

The Contract of Marine Insurance. By Charles McArthur, Author of "The Policy of Marine Insurance Popularly Explained." London: Stevens & Sons.

A Concise Treatise on the Law of Wills. By H. S. Theobald, of the Inner Temple, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. Third edition. London: Stevens & Sons.

may be dealt with on the criminal side, though less recondite in its conception, is also executed with the utmost elaboration and conscientiousness. All authors and editors (which is nearly the same thing) of books of practice have to choose between a reasonably portable book and print large enough to be agreeably read under all circumstances. Our own opinion is that readers with fairly good eyes would generally prefer to sacrifice the print. Messrs. Mead and Croft have taken the other view; and it must be owned that, though their book is undeniably bulky, yet when it has been transported to the scene of action it is as pleasant to read physically as it is well worth consulting legally.

Mr. Pitt Cobbett has discovered a "tendency on the part of English lawyers to regard that body of custom and convention which is known as International Law as fanciful and unreal, as a collection of amiable opinions rather than as a body of legal rules." Undoubtedly there is such a tendency, and a very good tendency too. But let it not be supposed that Mr. Cobbett does not appreciate its merits. On the contrary, he readily acknowledges that "the text writers have much to answer for," and here again the court is with him. The object which he sets before himself in publishing a kind of handbook of "Leading Cases on International Law" is neither to confute the lawyers, nor to whitewash the text writers, but to discriminate. For, as other writers have pointed out, among the mass of topics commonly misdescribed as International Law, there is a considerable part which does deal with law, which law, though genuine law, enforceable in courts of justice, has the peculiarity of being indifferently administered in many civilized countries. If the epithet international had been applied to this body of law, and not to the vast mass of theories, speculations, suggestions, contentions, and maunderings which, unhappily, share with it a grandiloquent title, the advocates of the comparatively accurate use of language would have had nothing to complain of. Mr. Pitt Cobbett undertakes the useful task of indicating, by means of his leading cases, how much so-called international law would deserve to be so called if the rest were not. On the questions, What is a State? How far does its jurisdiction extend? What is a public vessel? What are the rights in foreign courts of sovereigns and ambassadors? How may you treat a pirate? What will happen to you if you trade with an enemy or a belligerent? What is the effect of marine capture, of blockade? and the like, there are decisions of various authorities, and they are to a considerable extent recognized as binding in a great variety of countries. Mr. Cobbett does not confine himself pedantically to actual reported decisions of judges, but also gives information of a more or less analogous kind concerning transactions which might have formed, but did not, the subjects of investigation in courts administering law which many nations recognize as binding. Thus the opinions given by the English law-officers in the matter of the Silesian Loan in 1748, and concerning the escapade of the *Huascar* in 1877, are mentioned for what they are worth, and the principal events associated with the name of the *Alabama* are duly chronicled. In four instances Mr. Cobbett interpolates "excursus" upon different topics of interest on the border of his subject-matter, such as loans to belligerent Powers by neutral subjects and the navigation of great rivers. His statements of cases are summary even to curtness, but they appear to be careful and accurate, and are suitably elucidated by numerous notes. Any one desirous of consulting a digest of real as opposed to speculative International Law will find Mr. Cobbett's work thoroughly useful.

The importance of children has been too forcibly urged on the public mind by the late Mrs. Robert Browning and other persons not to be generally acknowledged. "Accordingly, it seemed to" Mr. Baker "that the time had come when a short treatise on the laws affecting young children would be a welcome aid to" people who have to do with them. His object "is not so much to provide a law-book for the legal profession as to afford general information on a subject of great and rapidly increasing importance." (There is no disputing that the Census returns bear out Mr. Baker's estimate of the increase in the importance of his topic.) If any one should suggest that, while the undesired object of writing a new law-book for the legal profession has been successfully evaded, the proposed end of furnishing laymen with an amateur law-book is in its nature illusory, the author can at least plead that, like the young young child (Mrs. Browning will not be kept out) of whom we have all heard, it is "a very little one," for it has no more than thirty-six pages, and not large ones "at that." The first chapter explains what children are, and those which follow it deal successively with their custody, their education, their religion, the offences they may commit, and the offences that may be committed against them. It is unfortunate for the last chapter that the Criminal Law Amendment Act of last year, which slightly modifies the law therein stated, was passed just after the publication of the book. Mr. Baker must be congratulated upon having packed a surprising amount of information into each of his thirty-six pages. But upon one of them he has committed an offence which, if he belongs to a circuit mess, may cost him dear, for he actually refers to "a recent case in which the author was engaged." He may plead in aggravation of this deplorable error that he was not writing a law-book; but, on the other hand, a reference to the Law List shows that he was called no less than fifteen years ago, and he really ought to have known better.

The laity, or some of them, have also been catered for to some extent by Mr. Burnie, who edits *The Criminal Law Amendment Act* in a reasonably convenient form. "In the Introduction" he has "endeavoured to give such a detailed account of the new pro-

visions as may be useful to gentlemen interested in the subject, but not specially or daily engaged in criminal practice." It does not clearly appear why those of the persons interested in the subject who happen to be gentlemen are selected for instruction; but possibly the exclusion of the others may be accounted for by the ambiguity which lurks in the phrase "engaged in criminal practice." Mr. Burnie, as every enthusiastic editor should, over-estimates the importance of his statute, which he expects will prove to be the "most important enactment affecting Criminal Law which has been placed upon the Statute Book for many years." It is not yet three years since the passing of the last Explosives Act, or four since the passing of the Prevention of Crimes Act. But to two strictly limited classes of the community—namely, those who offend against and those who administer this particular branch of the law—the statute, like any other, is a subject of legitimate interest, and requires to be suitably edited. This Mr. Burnie has done, and done well enough. The notes are of course less complete than they will be when any moot points that arise upon the Act have been decided, but this is a necessary defect which time and subsequent editions will cure. The introduction, which takes up rather more than half of the small volume, is learned and long; but it is of no use to practitioners and of little interest to any one except the mysterious class of persons already alluded to. Whether on the whole they, whoever they are, cannot furnish themselves with a sufficient supply of literature to their taste without assistance from Mr. Burnie and his professional readers, is a question upon which we have no means of forming an opinion; but there is no doubt that, from the point of view of the latter, the Act would have been quite enough without the historical disquisition.

Mr. McArthur's *Contract of Marine Insurance* is in substance a glorified edition of his *Policy of Marine Insurance*, the alterations and enlargements which the older work has undergone seeming to him to demand an expansion of the title as well. It is still not a large book, as books on Mercantile Law go, but its clear style and business-like arrangement render it a practical and valuable work. The author has taken the common form of Lloyd's policy as the basis of his work, and treated of its meaning and effect with constant illustrations from other clauses in more or less general use. In the preface Mr. McArthur discusses temperately and sensibly the Merchant Shipping Bill of 1884. He concludes, and the remark deserves the attention of Mr. Chamberlain and his successors, that "no satisfactory amendment of the law of marine insurance is to be effected by legislation of an extreme type having for its principal aim, not the perfecting of the system directly concerned, but the attainment of some ulterior object," such as the reputation of being the oppressed sailor's friend. Mr. McArthur does not despair of the problem of over-insurance, at any rate on valued policies, being solved by legislation undertaken in the proper spirit, and he gives some valuable hints as to the lines it should take. He also advocates alterations in the law in favour of cargo owners, who are at present prevented, by the law of general average for one thing, from insuring goods up to the ideal point of exact indemnification.

We welcome the appearance of the third edition of Mr. Theobald's standard work on wills. It is called a concise treatise, and so it is; but it does not look it, and falls far short of the high level of binding which books published by Messrs. Stevens usually attain. It is unnecessary to recommend it to any one who has ever used it, and to those who have not we need only say that the reputation which it has helped to gain for its author is thoroughly deserved.

YACHT ARCHITECTURE.*

A GOOD deal of this book is not new, and some of what is new might have been omitted with advantage; but nevertheless it is a most valuable work. The author is, as need hardly be said, thoroughly conversant with all that relates to yachts—at least to sailing yachts—and to boats. He has studied such science as bears on the subject; is as well acquainted as the most practical builder with every detail of the construction of wooden ship; knows how the modern composite vessel of the latest type is put together; and understands most perfectly the rigging and fittings, or what is generally termed the equipment, of a yacht. He has written for long on yachting, and produced in 1876 an elaborate work on yacht designing, and in 1878 another, called *Yacht and Boat Sailing*, consisting in part of a consecutive series of articles he had written in the *Field*, which justly commanded general approbation as an admirable epitome, and has, we believe, already reached a fourth edition. In the first and second there were chapters on "Displacement, Buoyancy, Stability, Lateral Resistance, Centre of Effort of Sails, and other kindred subjects," which were omitted in the third, the author stating that they would appear in another work. The promise has been duly kept by the production within a comparatively brief space of the present prettily and gorgeously illustrated volume containing the substance of the chapters alluded to, with a vast amount of other matter, new and old, for the most part of great value, but in part, if the truth must be told, mere slag.

The author's preface, brief and modest as it is, indicates one

* *Yacht Architecture*. By Dixon Kemp, Associate of the Institution of Naval Architects and Member of the Council. London: Horace Cox, the "Field" Office.

difficulty which prevents a portion of his work from being as instructive as might be expected by those who are not acquainted with the speculations and vagaries of scientific naval architects. He begins by saying that during the nine years which have elapsed since his book on yacht designing was published a knowledge of the scientific principles on which designing should be based has been very much extended, and that the number of professional designers has been much increased; but in the very next paragraph he has to admit that "It would be too much to say, perhaps, that any great advance has been made in the form of yachts which can be directly traced to an extension of scientific knowledge," and that "It is, indeed, possible that the forms of yachts and their mode of ballasting would have been exactly as they are now had the scientific knowledge which was possessed by a comparatively few never been disseminated, and had the builders, as of yore, been compelled to prepare their own designs." Science, then, has not done much after all, and it is doubtful whether those who have imbibed it have done more than might have been done by the poor, despised, rule-of-thumb builder. This seems a strange, perhaps an indiscreet, admission to make; but we doubt not that it is a perfectly true one, and "the exigencies of the Y. R. C. rule," to which Mr. Kemp alludes, can hardly account for the want of any great advance, because, after all, the vast majority of yachts are not racing yachts, and it is difficult to suppose that some twelve designers only produce results of this class. He is quite right in saying that there are now more scientific designers than there were nine years ago, and that some calculations can be better and more thoroughly made than they could formerly; but it may well be doubted whether in real science—and let those who use the word so freely remember what its true meaning is—there has been any very definite and noteworthy advance. The right method of investigation has been pointed out and followed by one remarkable man, who has been succeeded by a son of equal ability; but nevertheless much, very much, remains to be done before the really difficult problems are solved. Less than two years ago a great naval architect, speaking of a paper on a subject of the highest importance, described it as the first considerable inroad into that desolate region of ignorance which beset his profession. The expression might well be remembered by those who are willing to put faith in any bold hypothesis if supported by a sufficient array of symbols to make it seem formidable to the multitude.

Of the haziness of much of the speculation concerning the large problems which relate to naval architecture, Mr. Kemp, whose learning is very wide, is not long in giving proof. About the late Mr. Scott Russell's conjectures he has a good deal to say, and states that there is abundant evidence that the fundamental part of his theory respecting a length of entrance and run for any given speed, and the resistance due to wave-making, was correct. He has to admit, however, that this writer's view as to the creation of waves by a vessel is not accepted, and that the wave-line theory on which he so much prided himself, and to which he clung we believe to the last with undeviating fidelity, was, in fact, entirely wrong. He says that it must not be supposed that the actual form of the wave described by Mr. Scott Russell or its creation was generally accepted as correct, and that it is not now accepted as the true one, and also states that Mr. Colin Archer, who has studied the subject very carefully, says of a model planned by him that it has all the essential features of a wave-entrance, although there is not a wave-line in it. Now this is just what might be expected by any one who has given impartial attention to this fantastic hypothesis. Mr. Scott Russell was an amiable enthusiast whose memory deserves no little respect. He was a sort of Carlyle or Mazzini amongst naval architects, with an intuitive knowledge of what he thought was truth, which, after all, was the same thing as if it had been truth so far as he was concerned. On the strength of some very imperfect experiments he settled in the most absolute and indisputable manner the precise form of the wave which a vessel raises in front of her, just as artists have given a canon for the human form, and, guided by inspiration, determined that the lines of a vessel must resemble the wave in some manner which no one ever seems to be able to explain clearly. He established, to his own complete satisfaction, the form of least resistance, which after all these years is not discovered or theoretically approached; though he may in some respects have made a crude guess at part of the truth, it is scarcely worth while to swell a big book by considering his wave-line theory, or by showing how some yachts have borne a kind of resemblance to a vague form based on nothing in particular except an enthusiastic determination to determine something. Any real man of science who examined the views of this bold absolutist may well have paraphrased a famous saying and wished that he was as sure of anything as Mr. Scott Russell was sure of everything. Unfortunately his self-confidence did not meet with the reward which is sometimes accorded to that estimable quality. Men may be influenced, but nature is painfully intractable, and sometimes refuses to lend herself to the prettiest hypothesis; and in this case it seems that the waves were extremely disengaging, and showed no more regard for neat little mathematical statements than they did to the wishes of King Canute's courtiers.

Concerning the wave-line theory, then, which some writer on naval architecture has spoken of as elegant guesswork, Mr. Dixon Kemp might well have spared his readers; and on other questions of great difficulty and obscurity relating to naval architecture he is at once prolix and too confident, neglecting, as so many other writers on these subjects have done, to point out distinctly the

difference between what is ascertained and what is guessed, and the very imperfect state of present knowledge. With regard to elementary matters he is for the most part perfectly clear; but here, funny enough, he occasionally makes the mistake of being too curt, and forgets that, when explaining things elementary, a writer should assume that his readers are ignorant of the subject, and be as instructive as possible, even at the risk of seeming pedantic and verbose. With regard to the centre of effort of sails, for instance, he ought to explain more fully, and respecting one or two other matters he certainly is not so lucid as he might be. When this and the fault above referred to is considered, it is obvious that there are some not unimportant blemishes in a work which, as a whole, has great merit, and another blemish of a serious kind must be pointed out. The work includes a chapter on the marine boiler and engine, mainly written, not by Mr. Kemp, but by Mr. G. R. Dunell, concerning whom Mr. Kemp says in the preface that his "practical knowledge of the subject and his literary ability rendered his assistance of the greatest value." The practical knowledge we do not for a moment dispute; but practical knowledge and capacity for clear exposition do not always go together, and in this case Mr. Dunell unfortunately fails to give evidence of that literary ability with which he is, in so friendly a manner, credited. His description is imperfect, and occasionally obscure. He tells of the ordinary slide-valve clearly enough, but when he comes to explain the indicator—a more difficult matter—he gets not a little involved; and the explanation, which will bring to the mind of some readers Byron's line about Coleridge and metaphysics, is so cloudy and lengthy that, were Mr. Dunell's name not given, the reader might not impossible think that his instructor was only some two pages ahead of him, and had but a superficial knowledge of the indicator himself. It is further to be observed that on one or two matters which should be made clear explanation is wanting, and that, when speaking of the forced draught, Mr. Dunell does not, strangely enough, say anything of one objection to its use on board a yacht which undoubtedly exists. On the whole the chapter, though in some respects a valuable summary, and carried well up to date as to contain a reference to the four-cylinder engine now being introduced, cannot be commended; and if the book reaches, as it doubtless will, another edition, it should be in part re-written or omitted; and the chapter on the screw-propeller, while showing great knowledge, would also be better for amplification of some parts and condensation of others.

From defects which in many cases can be remedied by the simple process, so good for readers and so very painful for authors of striking out, it is pleasant to turn to merits, and the merits of Mr. Dixon Kemp are great and manifold. That most exacting of human beings, the terrible and thorough amateur of the present day, must be content with the practical instruction which the author gives on all points connected with the planning and construction of yachts. How to design a vessel, how to make all the calculations which can be made with certainty or near approach to certainty, how to carry out the design, and how to construct and fit out, are told fully, but at no excessive length, and with all possible clearness. Not a few of the illustrations which are given have appeared before, and so has a portion of the matter now published, but, as above stated, it is none the worse for this, and, indeed, there can be no better proof of the excellence of matter than the necessity of republishing it. More might perhaps be said about the construction of a composite ship, but, if the letterpress is slightly deficient, there is an excellent illustration of that beautiful type, a composite 40-ton cutter. With regard to the illustrations generally, it is only necessary to say that the collection which the author gives is quite without a parallel, and of the greatest value to those who are interested in pleasure vessels. Every kind of craft is duly represented, and the inquirer can not only learn what kinds of form have found most favour, but can, if he likes, follow yachts from alpha to omega, from the single-handed 3-ton cutter to the *Chazalie*, or *Marchesa*, or *Gitan*; and Mr. Dixon Kemp deserves in no small degree the gratitude of yachtsmen for collecting so admirable a series, and for his own illustrations. As we have endeavoured to indicate, the work of which they form part is an excellent one, but will be still better if, in the next edition, the writer remembers that a scientific treatise is not like those landscapes which are thought all the better for a certain amount of mist.

AN OLD SHROPSHIRE OAK.*

THERE is something rather mysterious as well as attractive in the title of this book, and the first duty of the critic is to explain its meaning. The oak in question was an old favourite of the author's—a roadside oak some six hundred years old, and supposed to be sprung from an acorn that fell from a tree that had had as long a life before it. The leading idea of the work is that these two trees, father and son, must have seen many changes in the country around them; that they must have witnessed very varied scenes; that much that would be interesting must have been said by those who rested at different times beneath their shade; and that if the youngest tree could but speak, and give its own experiences together with those which it had received from its father, it might be able to tell a good deal of the history of its own country, if not of that of England, during the last twelve centuries. Playing with this fancy, the author imagines that

* *An Old Shropshire Oak.* By the late John Wood Warter. Edited by Richard Garnett, LL.D. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1886.

he has a dream, in which the oak appears and obligingly offers to give any information that he may require. Ill-natured reviewers might call this a literary dodge, but it is at any rate a pleasant dodge, and we accept it without the least pretence of grumbling. The author, indeed, humbly begs us to "make allowances for the fiction, if such it may be called," because he and his readers, if they face their "every-day duties, have enough of hard realities to contend with." One advantage of dealing with his subject in this form is that he was able to give the reins to his fancy without being over-particular about veracity or accuracy, as he could, and often did, ramble freely on in the name of the oak, qualifying his stories or statements by observing that the old tree's memory may have been a little rusty; that his stay-at-home habits prevented his knowing much that went on beyond his own immediate neighbourhood; or that those whose gossip he overheard may have been fibbing. All this was, of course, another dodge; but again we say that it was not an unpleasant one.

It must not be supposed, however, that all the talking is done by the oak. Very far from it. The author often writes of him as "my Talking Friend"; but some one else gets the lion's share of the talk. If the oak says a few words, his listener is pretty sure to put on what he calls his thinking-cap—talking-cap would have been a better name for it in our opinion—and then it becomes the oak's turn to hear a little English history, some folk-lore, or an apt quotation. Now and then the old tree gets a word in; but the usual effect is to set his hearer off again at score, and the conversation on either side being, as may not unnaturally be supposed, something very like six of one and half a dozen of the other, the reader feels a placid indifference as to which of the pair may happen to be the speaker. Fortunately both the oak and his amanuensis talk in a pleasant way.

The editor may well say in his preface that the author's acquaintance with literature was extraordinary, and he might have added that it was equalled by his love of making quotations. As a general rule critics fight shy of a book heavily laden with poetical or historical extracts. We confess that we winced a little at finding about twenty-five quotations in the first chapter of *An Old Shropshire Oak*, and at seeing five more waiting for us at the head of the second; but we comforted ourselves by reflecting that when the oak himself began to speak there would be an end of them. In this we were mistaken; for one of the first things he said was that "he was well acquainted with all our poets, and should often have occasion to quote their words." Nevertheless, we have no right to grumble, for the book forms a good collection of extracts from English literature. Without going so far as to say that all these extracts were worth quoting, we may call many of them gems from the English classics. Among them, too, are some excellent bits from little-read authors. Many of the historical extracts, again, afford curious and out-of-the-way information. Indeed, the book is valuable for the sake of the quotations alone, and few people can look through them without deriving both pleasure and profit. The second of these volumes is not, we understand, to be the last; so we hope for a good index, as a book of this nature specially requires one. "The reader" of *An Old Shropshire Oak*, says the preface, "who can peruse it with the leisure and deliberation which the author brought to its composition will not miss the enjoyment which attended the latter task." Leisure and deliberation are exactly what are required for the thorough enjoyment of this attractive book; but it may be much enjoyed by any one who will take it up for a few minutes at a time, and read one of its better quotations, its descriptions of scenery, or scraps of folk-lore. For this reason these volumes ought to be kept on a table, and not on a bookshelf, and whatever other counties may choose to do, if Shropshire does not keep *An Old Shropshire Oak* upon its library tables, all we can say is that Shropshire ought to be ashamed of itself.

These volumes are exceedingly discursive; but discursiveness is not invariably a literary vice. In the present instance the general effect is not unlike that of a road through a wood from which branch many tempting little by-paths leading to pretty or interesting nooks and corners; some may disappoint us, others may be what Mr. Jogglebury Crowdby used to call "mere occupation roads, leading to nowhere"; but the larger proportion of them are well worth following. So desultory is the book itself that any review of its contents cannot but be of somewhat the same character. Out of such a collection of odds and ends only very few can be noticed here. Oaks, of course, come in for much honourable mention in the discourses of an oak. Shropshire has always been famous for these trees, although the author might have added that they have never grown to a large size in certain parts of that county. Among other celebrated Shropshire oaks are Shelton's oak, "ye grette oake at Shelton," from which Owen Glendower was said to have watched the battle of Shrewsbury; the little that remains, if any, of the Bosobel oak, or King Charles's oak, which "was soon cut to pieces under a sense of mistaken loyalty"; the Cressage, Christ's-ake, or Christ's Oak; and the Mile Oak, near Oswestry. Shrewsbury comes in for a great deal of notice. For a long time this town was called Pengwern, and afterwards it went by the euphonious name of Scrobesbyrig. Shrewsbury Abbey, with its abbot and abbot's parlour, is supposed to have been the source of most of the information brought to the old oak by the neighbouring priests who rested beneath its shade on their return to their homes. Besides the Abbey there were religious houses of

Franciscans, Dominicans, and Augustinians in Shrewsbury. By the way, in mentioning the Gilbertines, we wonder that a writer with such a store of information did not remind us that theirs was the only religious order that has ever been founded in England.

There are descriptions of curious old legends and superstitions of the Druids, some of which lingered among the people long after the country had become Christianized. The dress and customs of the early Saxons also get their share of notice. We are told of coats of otter and badger skins, and the author observes that the last badger that he saw was killed some twelve or fourteen years before he wrote this book (in 1860). Certainly badgers are now exceedingly rare in Shropshire, as elsewhere in England, but a few are still to be met with occasionally, and one was caught alive but a few weeks ago, within a dozen miles of the foot of "the old Shropshire oak." We read of a curious semi-pagan superstition that when a person had been baptized in a river, he would never be drowned, because he would be under the care of the water-spirit. Mr. Warter appears to have agreed with Maitland that the custom of decorating churches with evergreens at Christmas is a relic of the old heathen festival of the Feast of Fools; but to those who have a leaning in that direction, there never seems to be a difficulty in tracing any Christian use to some Pagan origin. The oak tells us of something akin to the second-sight of the Scotch, called by the Saxons "the foreshadow," a portent which used to be held in deep awe and reverence. He mentions the well-known fact that the fossil-bones or shells of the cephaloids, called by geologists *belemnites*, used to be supposed to be thunderbolts. He might have added that they were imagined by some people to be devils' finger-nails, and by others to be "spectre-candlesticks." Then he traces the "Wise Women" of comparatively later times to the ancient Druidesses. There used to be many of these Wise Women in the wilds of the Stiperstones, about the Wrekin, and on the Breidden. The same neighbourhood was a favourite haunt of wolves, especially an old dingle called Hell Gutter. The old Saxons believed these animals to be possessed by evil spirits; January was supposed to be the time at which they ravaged most fiercely, and from this fancy arose the custom of calling that month *Wolf-monad*. There were also plenty of wild boars between Shrewsbury and the Stiperstones, if the oak is to be believed, and the oak's father could remember beavers—those animals about which more lies have been told than of any other—except the dog. At the end of the chapter in which some of these animals are spoken of, there is a curious prayer, that is said to have constituted the daily devotions of a countryman, not long ago:—

From witches and wuzzards,
From long-tailed buzzards,
And them that creeps through other men's hedges,
Good Lord Deliver Us.

A book about Shropshire has, of course, an account of Uriconium, and about that place there are many conflicting opinions, into which we need not enter here. Owen Glendower and the battle of Shrewsbury are also described at considerable length. Mr. Warter makes merry over the traditions of St. Winefred and St. Milburga and their relics, which were held in great veneration at the neighbouring abbeys of Shrewsbury and Wenlock; and he goes rather out of his way to abuse St. Dunstan. Wyclif is a saint much more to his taste, and he gives him a chapter all to himself.

It was but right that, living in a neighbourhood abounding in coal, the oak should tell us something about it, and there is a statement that "the earliest mention made of it as fuel, if *carbones* is to be so rendered, is about 1250," or some fifty-six years before King Edward I., by royal proclamation, prohibited the burning of coal in London, "to avoid the sulferous smoke and savour of that firing," as Stow tells us. Yet coal, both burnt and unburnt, "has been found in the hypocausts at Uriconium, or Wroxeter, as the reader may satisfy himself by visiting the museum at Shrewsbury." From coals to fires is an easy transition, and we have some details of a terrible fire at Shrewsbury. In that old town, during the Norman days, there was a law that if the house of any burgess was burnt, either by negligence or accident, its occupier should pay a fine to his two nearest neighbours as well as to the king. This law is said to be recorded in "Domesday." The mention of that book reminds us that in another place Mr. Warter observes that the *haia* or *hage* of which we read in it, although enclosures, "were very different indeed from our modern hedges." Unquestionably they were, and our word hedge is probably taken directly from the Anglo-Saxon *hegge*. Still, a hedge is so called because it forms an enclosure. The word *Hayes* is not at all uncommon in Shropshire; indeed, three Hayeses at once occur to our mind—The Hayes, Hayes Wood, and Hayes Coppice. Mr. Warter writes of a Haygate, in another part of the county, which he thinks "may have been the entrance to the forest of the Wrekin."

The old oak is made to tell several charming stories. The tale of Ella, the story of Rudolf De Lee, the romance of Eddred and his Coracle, the legend of Old Austin Hammond, the story of Urteil, and the history of The Radman of Reusset would form a very attractive little book in themselves. The desultory style of the greater part of the work makes it often difficult to tell, within a few hundred years, what period one is reading about. Here and there, again, we find some misspelling in the names of places, such as Llanymynach for Llanymynech, Uniconium for Uriconium,

and Wanlock for Wenlock; but we have no wish to carp at comparative trifles. Taken as a whole, we regard *An Old Shropshire Oak* as a book likely to give a great deal of pleasure to its readers, and we shall look forward to the succeeding volumes—not forgetting the all-important index.

THE SURVEY OF WESTERN PALESTINE.*

A QUARTER of a century since the books relating to the physical geography of Palestine would not have occupied much space in a library. A glance at the list quoted by Professor Hull will show that since the establishment of the Palestine Exploration Fund they have been materially augmented, though in less proportion than the literature which deals with topographical questions. The Committee of that Fund, to whose efforts we are indebted for such important additions to our knowledge of the antiquities and topography of the Holy Land, decided in the year 1883 to send out a scientific expedition to investigate the geology of Western Palestine, and more especially the physical structure of that extraordinary area of depression which extends almost from the Lake of Merom to some distance south of the Dead Sea—an area which lies at a lower level as a whole than any other of equal size on the surface of the earth, omitting, of course, the ocean depths. Professor Hull was accompanied by his son and two other students of science as assistants, and the expedition was in charge of Major Kitchener, already well known for his work in connexion with the survey of Palestine, aided by a former sergeant-major of the Royal Engineers. The course assigned to the exploring party by the direction of the Committee was to start from Egypt and cross the Desert of Mount Sinai to the head of the Gulf of Akabah, thence they were directed to pass along the whole length of the Wadi Arabah as far as the Dead Sea, and, after following its western shore up to Engedi (Ain Gidi), to traverse the upland plateau to Hebron, and so to Jerusalem. This journey was to be followed by an expedition through Northern Palestine. Circumstances led to some changes in the plan of the former part of the expedition, and the latter, owing to an exceptionally heavy fall of snow, had to be abandoned. The travellers were absent from England about four months, returning in February 1884.

The earlier part of the present volume is occupied by an account of the geology of Arabia Petraea, which has already been handled by several observers. Professor Hull agrees with the opinion, now generally held, that the mountain district of Sinai consists of a central mass of crystalline rocks, partly igneous, partly metamorphic, but both of great antiquity. He is inclined to refer the latter to the Archaean series, though he hints at the possibility of their being metamorphosed Lower Silurian. As, however, it has now been shown that no asserted instances of highly-metamorphosed rocks of that geological age have been able to stand the test of careful investigation, we are rather surprised that he should feel it necessary to allude to so improbable an identification.

These older masses are pierced by many dykes and veins of volcanic rocks, of which it can only be said that they are more ancient than the earlier part of the Carboniferous group, to which belong the first members of the stratified series. The greater part of the latter are strata of Cretaceous and Eocene age; they envelop the mountain prominences of crystalline rock, which still stand up among the later deposits much as they did in former days from the waters of a long-vanished ocean.

An important result of the expedition was to clear up several difficulties connected with the widespread sandstone deposits which so commonly appear as the lowest members of the stratified series. It is now proved that there are two sandstones, presenting lithologically considerable resemblance, but differing widely in geological age. The one, to which Professor Hull gives the name of the Desert Sandstone, is a member of the Carboniferous series; the other, called the Nubian Sandstone, forms a part of the Cretaceous series. The distinction of these is placed beyond doubt by a section across the Wady Nasb, where the two sandstones are seen to be separated by a bed of limestone. The last was identified by its fossils as of Carboniferous age by Mr. Bauerma so long since as 1868; but the larger collections made by Professor Hull's party have now placed the matter beyond a doubt, while the upper sandstone in several districts is no less clearly connected with rocks of Cretaceous age. Thus the apparently discordant statements as to the date of these widespread sandstones, the more difficult to reconcile as both were supported by paleontological evidence, are now explained. One set of observers were speaking of the older, the other of the newer sandstone; similar physical conditions must have occurred in this region of the world at geological epochs widely separated, each heralding a period of depression.

Apart from this, the main interest of Professor Hull's volume is the account of the singular valley which extends from the southern end of the Dead Sea as far as the head of the Gulf of Akabah. In one sense it is a single valley, for from its bed the ground rises abruptly to the level of the uplands on either side, but there is in it a watershed which lies some seven hundred feet above sea level.

* *The Survey of Western Palestine: Memoir on the Physical Geology and Geography of Arabia Petraea, Palestine, and adjoining Districts; with Special Reference to the Mode of Formation of the Jordan-Arabah Depression and the Dead Sea.* By Edward Hull, LL.D., F.R.S., F.G.S. London: Published for the Committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund.

Professor Hull, following M. Lartet, gives the following explanation of its formation. At the close of the Eocene period, which in this region had been one of comparative repose, marked only by the deposition of sediment and perhaps by slow subsidence, earth-movements—due doubtless to contraction of the crust—began on a large scale, bending the strata of the district immediately east of the present Mediterranean into a low arch, which now forms the tableland of Palestine, crumpling and fissuring those along a narrower zone still further east. Thus an important fault was produced, which, with several minor parallel dislocations, originated the present Jordan-Arabah valley. As one part of the earth's crust rose, this parallel zone descended, and remained covered by the waves. Hence the water of the Dead Sea may be a remnant of an ancient ocean, and even the fauna of the Lake of Tiberias may have a marine origin. But as regards the former lake, Professor Hull is obliged to admit that its waters were at one time so diluted as to be practically fresh, and in support of the latter hypothesis he does not appear to be able to adduce any proof. Meanwhile rain and streams would be carrying on their work of denudation, and by the end of the Miocene period the broader features of the region may not have been very dissimilar from the present. Professor Hull is further of opinion that at a comparatively late time, to which, following the example of some geologists (unfortunately, as we think), he assigns a distinctive name, the Pluvial period, there was a general subsidence of the whole region and an extension of the inland waters until the Jordan-Arabah depression was converted into one lake over 200 miles in length and more than 2,000 feet in depth. Its waters, however, did not overtop the Arabah watershed so as to open communication with the Gulf of Akabah. To this season of a superabundant rainfall he assigns the excavation of the numerous ravines which seem the flanks of the Ghor and Wadi Arabah and the tableland of Palestine—ravines now dry and waterless except after some unusual fall of rain—the desiccation of the region being at the present time apparently at its maximum. Some interesting remarks on recent changes in the climate of Palestine, and a note by Dr. G. Hull on the diseases of the Arabs, conclude the volume.

The facts which Professor Hull has collected will be of great value to geologists; but he will not find universal assent given to some of the interpretations which he has placed upon them. Some will object that he leaves unexplained the peculiar and distinctive contours of the Jordan-Arabah valley, especially the gradual descent on both sides to the greatest depth in the bed of the Dead Sea, as well as the singular flattened watershed in the Wadi Arabah. The physical features of the region appear to accord far better with the view that the valley, as a whole, marks the course (originated, no doubt, by a line of flexure and faults) of a river which once poured its waters into the sea on the site of the present Gulf of Akabah, and that this valley was afterwards affected by a new series of flexures running east and west; the result of these being to raise the parts to north of the gulf and to lower the whole of the upper region, the maximum depression being now indicated by the Dead Sea. This hypothesis—the more natural, as it appears to us—does not seem to have been duly considered by Professor Hull. In another respect also the book is rather unsatisfactory. The petrology of the crystalline rocks, notwithstanding the help which the author has obtained from Mr. Rudler, is in many respects not brought up to date. Such antiquated and vague terms as "trap" and, still worse, "porphyry" are jumbled up in a perplexing and irritating manner with names of greater precision, showing that the observers were distrustful of their own powers of identification, and that the collections made either were very imperfect or have been only partially examined. Still, notwithstanding these defects and some of a similar kind, which may be noticed in the paleontological details, the book will be a valuable addition to our knowledge of the physical structure of a most interesting country.

A PAROCHIAL HISTORY.

IT is scarcely possible to overrate the value of the light thrown on the social history of the people by the publication of records such as those which the Vicar of Wookey, a little village near Wells, in Somerset, has wisely employed his leisure in collecting. At first sight Wookey would seem to have little to offer the local historian; it was never the scene of any great event, and no one of any note ever lived there; but, nevertheless, Mr. Holmes has found materials in the shapes and names of its fields, in the rolls of the manor and in the registers of the parish which enable him to illustrate several periods in the history of the Church of England, and in the life of the labouring class. A return of the bailiffs of the manor, the property of the Bishops of Bath and Wells, shows that in 1322 many of the customary tenants were no longer bound to perform manual services; they held by a fixed money rent, and received pay for the work they did for their lord. Full information on the various conditions of tenure in the manor is contained in the accounts of the steward for 1462, and along with these will also be found a record of the value of all kinds of labour and materials, the wages of domestic servants, of mechanics—for the hall of the manor-house was then in building—of ploughmen and others, and the prices of agricultural implements, of lead, timber, and nails. In the reign of Edward VI.

* *A History of the Parish and Manor of Wookey.* By Thomas S. Holmes, M.A., Vicar of the Parish. Bristol: Jefferies & Sons. 1886.

the see was deprived of the manor by a peculiarly scandalous arrangement. Bishop Barlow had been forced to surrender many of the episcopal estates, and to make up for some of his losses he received a grant of Wookey to himself and his heirs, with license to sell. Another notice of those evil days preserved among the parish manuscripts is contained in the report of an inquisition concerning the destruction of a free chapel in one of the hamlets of Wookey, a loss that has only lately been made good by the erection of a new church. Although Mr. Holmes is wrong in thinking that the *Valor Ecclesiasticus* of Henry VIII. was drawn up for the purpose "of the general spoliation of the Church," he is in most cases a safe guide as to the connexion between the affairs of the Church and nation at large and the religious and social life of his parish. Many things in his little book that we must forbear to notice here will well repay attentive study, and we hope that the success he has undoubtedly achieved will stir up many other country parsons to follow his example.

A SHORT HISTORY OF ART.*

HE is a bold writer who would undertake the task of condensing into one volume an account of the painting, sculpture, and architecture of all countries and all ages, and the task itself is one which would require a very exceptional width of knowledge, both historical and artistic. Most men would feel themselves somewhat hampered by their more intimate acquaintance with certain branches of this alarmingly extensive subject, and so would be led to devote more than the fair proportion of space to the art of those periods or countries to which they had given special attention. From this defect Mr. Turner's work, it must be admitted, is perfectly free; his complete and astonishing ignorance of all branches of art-history has enabled him to treat every part of his subject with the strictest impartiality. It is impossible to write seriously about such a work as this, which reads like a bad joke or dull parody of a history of art. Almost every page contains the wildest mis-statements of fact, mixed with blundered dates and utter confusion of ideas. We are told (p. 56) that the thesauron (*sic*) or treasure-house of the Homeric palace was a circular structure "isolated in the court," whereas every passage in the *Odysssey* where the treasure-room is mentioned shows that it was a chamber in the innermost recesses of the women's part of the house, removed as far as possible from the public court. Mr. Turner's account of later Greek architecture contains the most astonishing statements, such as that the great Temple of Pœstum is built of marble (p. 63), and that the Temple of Athene in *Ægina* possesses a sculptured frieze round its cella walls. The celebrated sculptured architrave from *Assos* is described as the "frieze at *Issus*," and the whole account of the development of Greek architecture is a mass of incoherent nonsense. At p. 72 we learn that the Corinthian order was an invention of the Romans; and the earliest example of the Corinthian style, the Choragic monument of *Lysicrates*, is described as a work of the third century B.C. (p. 95), regardless of the fact that its very important inscription dates it exactly 334 B.C.

A good deal of space (pp. 101 seq.) is devoted to the description of two houses at Pompeii, one of which Mr. Turner takes to be a typical Greek house, and the other a typical Roman dwelling. This original blunder leads the writer to invent a number of purely imaginary differences in style between the domestic architecture of Greece and Rome, of which one example will serve as a specimen of the whole. In the Greek house, we are told, "the kindly welcome *Salve*" was set over the door; while the Roman house has, instead, the warning *Cave canem*—an obvious proof, we are led to suppose, of the superior hospitality of the Hellenic race. The whole description of this supposed "Greek house" is a wonderful piece of invention. Mr. Turner minutely describes its furniture, pottery, and other fittings, none of which really exist in the house itself, or even in the museum at Naples. "In an alcove stands the bridal couch, beautifully worked in bronze, wood, or ivory." The vases, we are told, are superior to those of the Romans, because "plates and dishes are never decorated where the ornament would be covered in use." Apparently Mr. Turner has never seen a Greek *kylix*, and is unaware that not a single painted Greek vase has been found in Pompeii.

Again Mr. Turner tells us (p. 72) that the bronze statue of Athene Promachos is still to be seen on the Athenian Acropolis, and (p. 83) we are induced to believe that Phidias's gold and ivory statue of Zeus once stood within the Parthenon. Like a second Pausanias, Mr. Turner speaks as an eyewitness of the effect of the bronze triton on the "Temple of the Winds" in Athens, the bronze pediment reliefs of the *gigantomachia* over the portico of the Pantheon, and the statues of Augustus and Agrippa within the niches below, as well as the magnificent palace of Theodoric at Ravenna, and "his bronze equestrian statue with a panther's hide thrown over the mighty shoulders." The first of these, the bronze triton, probably never existed, and the others, it is needless to say, have perished ages ago.

The later medieval portion of the book is a similar farrago of nonsense. At page 162 we read of the reliefs with which Niccolo Pisano decorated the walls of the Pisan Baptistry, his only work there being the great pulpit; that Bishop Bernward founded

Cathedral of Hildesheim in the eleventh century (p. 153); that Arnolfo del Cambio began the Duomo of Florence in 1394 (p. 198); and that Holbein died in 1453 (p. 243), errors of a century and more each. It is proverbially useless to dispute about matters of taste; but one cannot help protesting against such a statement as this—"The rich colouring of St. Mark's, at Venice, fades into insignificance before the splendour of the great Japanese temples."

Though writing on Italian art, Mr. Turner has not even found out what century is referred to by such names as *quattro-centisti* and *quintucentisti* (p. 216), and one hardly notices such otherwise startling assertions as that *genre* painting was invented by Giorgione, or that Mantegna's drawings of "the Triumph of Scipio" were probably painted for theatrical decoration, and are "well known through his own and Marc Antonio's magnificent engravings."

It is, however, a wearisome and unprofitable task to point out the almost countless blunders of this astonishing book, and one may conclude with advising its author to gain some elementary acquaintance with some one branch of the history of art before undertaking any further literary work, even though it were on a very much less pretentious scale than that with which he has made so unhappy a commencement.

NUMANTIA.*

THE chiefs of Portuguese and Spanish literature have of late years been fortunate in their translators. Camoens has been done into English by Mr. Aubertin, with a combination of verbal accuracy and grace which by some sport of fate has not been available for the works of poets whose shoe latchet he was not worthy to unloose. As for the poetry of Cervantes (of his prose there is no need to speak at present), has not Mr. James Y. Gibson been sent into the world with a special mission to translate it? For some years past he has been playing his part with conscientious industry. He began with the verses in *Don Quixote* in Mr. Duffield's edition; he proceeded to the *Viaje al Parnaso*, and has now reached the *Numancia*, to use the Spanish form of the Latin word. At a future day he will do the comedies. So, at least, Mr. Gibson promises, and we have every confidence that he will keep his word, though, considering how competent he is for the work, and how much he has already done for Cervantes, we could wish that he would turn his attention in the future to Lope de Vega. A translation of some four of that dramatist's works, preceded by a version of his *Arte Nuevo de Hacer Comedias*, and an essay on the Spanish Theatre, would do more service than the best possible rendering of the *Trato de Argel*, the *Comedias*, or the *entremeses*. But men with a mission are not to be argued with, and Mr. Gibson's is to translate the poetry of Cervantes, and he will go on till he has emptied the pottle out of which he has been as yet picking the best strawberries. When that is done, may he devote a part of the many prosperous years we wish him to the creators and masters of Spanish romantic drama.

Mr. Gibson's *Numantia* has all the merits of his previous translations. It is thoroughly sound, and true to both the meaning and the form of the original. The actual number of cases in which he has been compelled by his metre to insert something not in the original would probably be found to be under a dozen by a critic ill-natured enough to hunt them out, in a work which he would see to be accurate before he had read the first five pages. If here and there a word or so has to be put in to fill up a line which is not in the original, there is, on the other hand, nothing in the Spanish which does not appear in the English. Mr. Gibson has followed the changes in Cervantes's metre with remarkable dexterity. His accuracy is not of the crib kind, but is nowise the worse for that, and his English verse has melody enough of its own to be a very fair equivalent for the Spanish. Mr. Gibson has himself challenged the test by quoting the original of the passage beginning "Duro gentil, que con torcidas vueltas," and his version of these, the most harmonious lines in the *Numancia*, may be fairly quoted as an instance of how he himself has done his work:—

Thou gentle Douro, whose meand'ring stream
Doth have my breast, and give it life untold,
As thou woul'st see thy rolling waters gleam
Like pleasant Tagus bright with sands of gold;
As thou woul'st have the nymphs a merry team,
Light-footed, bound from meads and groves of old
To pay their homage to thy waters clear
And lend thee bounteously their favours dear;
Then lend, I pray, to these my pitous cries
Attentive ear, and come to ease my woes.
Let nothing hinder them in any wise,
Although thou leav'st awhile thy sweet repose;
For thou and all thy waters must arise
To give me vengeance on these Roman foes;
Else all is over, 'tis a hopeless case
To save from ruin this Numantian race.

The words "give it life untold" in this passage answer to nothing in the original; but the most ingenious of translators cannot always wriggle out of the grip of his rhyme.

Having been able to praise Mr. Gibson's translation, we should

* *Numantia: a Tragedy*. By Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. Translated from the Spanish by James Y. Gibson. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

like to be able to say pleasant things about his introduction; but, unfortunately, that is impossible to any critic with a reasonable remnant of conscience. Indeed, it would hardly be going too far to say that no writer has for a long time past thrown a capital chance of writing an original essay more completely away. A goodish portion of the introduction is taken up with a repetition of the stock facts about Cervantes, which Mr. Gibson has himself told before, and which are to be found in every translation of *Don Quixote*. That Cervantes was a soldier, and then a slave in Algiers, a man of many fortunes, and in all ways a high gentleman, are truths, but rather of the kind described by Spaniards as "verdades de Pero Grullo," who sagely observed that a clenched hand is called a fist. It is; but why say so? It is useless to repeat the stock stories about Cervantes if a man have neither anything new to add to them nor can treat them with the creative criticism which makes old things fresh again. Mr. Gibson has little to say about the essential literary qualities of the *Numancia*, and that little mostly in the form of quotation. To quote A. W. Schlegel, and then observe that many acute critics agree with him, is an easy way of avoiding the trouble of formulating one's own opinion, but withal unprofitable for the reader. Schlegel and Bouterwek (a wooden fellow) still rule the literary world for Mr. Gibson. His sketch of the History of the Spanish Stage is very meagre, and not very accurate. It is not to be allowed to any critic in these days to dismiss dramatic literature as it was at about 1580 with the statement that it consisted of the *Aminta* of Tasso and Guarini's *Pastor Fido*. That "Corneille and Racine were as yet unborn" is true, but not to the point. Jodelle and Garnier were born; and when the Canon of Toledo talked of the foreigners "que con mucha puntuallidad guardan las leyes de la comedia," it is at least possible that he was thinking of their Senecan plays. Until Guillen de Castro and Lope de Vega appeared, and, if they did not create, at least put into shape the Spanish romantic drama, the stage of Spain had on the whole lagged behind that of France. The French had, and for long had had, nothing to learn from Lope de Rueda. In tragedy the Spaniards were, when the *Numancia* was written, no more original than their neighbours, though their case was the more hopeful one, since they had not yet bound themselves down to the classic or any other model. An attempt was made to introduce the Senecan type into Spain, and one of the most readable of the plays before Lope is the *Nise lastimosa* of Jerónimo Bermudez, with its five acts, Chorus of Women of Coimbra, Messenger, and the rest of it. The date of this play of Bermudez, be it observed, is 1572, nearly a generation later than the performance of Jodelle's *Cleopâtre*. Now it is, of course, not necessary to suppose that Bermudez directly imitated Jodelle, still less that Cervantes, whose form is by no means classic, did so. Frenchmen and Spaniards alike started with the same inheritance—the mystery-plays, the tragedies of Seneca, and the comedies of Plautus and Terence. They worked out very different results. Mr. Gibson had an admirable opportunity of showing the Spanish movement at a critical moment, and he has not availed himself of it. He promises to deal with Cervantes's dramatic work as a whole in the preface to his next volume of translations; but we do not look forward to that exercitation with the confidence we feel as regards his verse.

FRANK'S RANCHE.*

FRANK'S RANCHE describes how Frank's father sent him to farm in the neighbourhood of Bozeman City; how Frank entertained his father and a friend; and how the author of *An Amateur Angler's Days in Dovedale* then came home again. There is not a great deal in it; but what there is is well told and as much worth reading as most travels, now that travelling has long ceased to be an accomplishment, or even a luxury, and has become a disease. The practical value of this book is not very high. "Frank," we are told, "was always a peculiar youth to manage"; but his peculiarities were of a very commonplace order, such as the "notion that he was better suited to the free life of the prairie than to the routine work of City business." This is a much more fortunate idea for a young fellow to take into his head than a fancy that he ought to have belonged, chronologically as well as spiritually, to the "Renaissance" or the "Ages of Faith." For, after all, the Western States of the American Union are accessible, and the wish of Frank's heart has been gratified. First he tried a farm in Minnesota, and failed. Then he tried a "creamery" (we shall soon have "jammeries"), and failed again. Then he went to the Rocky Mountains, and a fresh advance of capital was made to him. Frank's father will probably be held up as a model to many parents and guardians by their adventurous offspring. We, therefore, quote a paragraph for the benefit of the older generation, with which they may retort if assailed. "Hundreds of youths go out to America and the Colonies every year under circumstances very like those of my son. Indulgent parents supply them with money at once to start them in life in an occupation to which they bring nothing but conceit and ignorance combined, and their money is as certain to be lost as if it were thrown into the sea." Frank's father does not aim at the glittering epigram or affect the startling paradox.

* *Frank's Ranch; or, My Holiday in the Rockies.* Being a Contribution to the Inquiry, What are we to do with our Boys? By the Author of "An Amateur Angler's Days in Dovedale."

But his remarks are judicious in themselves and weighted with experience. We need not pursue Frank through his devices for "roughing it" with dignity. "A bottle of Crosse & Blackwell's pickles, mixed with a little plum-pudding of my own making, we had on Christmas Day quite made me ill for the time being; however, a dose of horse specific soon put me right again." "O dura puerorum illa!" Still less are we disposed to accompany Frank's father on his journeys, an account of which constitutes the second part of this book. The great North American Continent has been, is being, and will continue to be, described with a relentless severity which spares neither age nor sex, neither town nor country, neither plain nor cañon. Only a consummate literary artist like Mr. Froude can give any charm to ordinary locomotion, assisted by the resources and appliances of modern civilization. Such reflections as the following can surely profit no mortal:—"We had quite enough of the rough to remind even the best of us that, when rolled and tossed in 'the roaring forties,' we're all poor creeters'; and, again, we had enough of the delightfully smooth to satisfy us that perhaps we are not such 'poor creeters' after all." Frank's father does not excel in the art of description, and he has not grasped the fact that few incidents of travel are worth reading. On the other hand, the Yellowstone Park is a comparatively novel subject, and the letter on it (*Frank's Ranch* is in the form of letters) seems to us the best worth reading in the whole book. There are certainly some very remarkable things in the Yellowstone Park. There are "perpendicular cliffs of solid glass," which we must confess to having always thought a manufactured article. Frank's father "picked up several small blocks for paper-weights, but unluckily lost them." This is a pity. Another distinguished traveller did bring home his bit of Gopher wood from the top of Mount Ararat, and challenge any one to prove that it was not a fragment of Noah's Ark. Then there is a lake of pure creamy boiling paint, not to speak of a natural cauldron, which sucks in wild ducks alive, and shoots them out again cooked, a geyser which arises once every sixty-five minutes to a second, and another which "throws a strange, solid column of water straight up into the air of 220 feet, which is then diffused in brilliant colours, like rockets in a Crystal Palace display of fireworks." We cannot recommend *Frank's Ranch* as literature, and, as we have already explained, its practical usefulness is spoiled by the absence of details. But those who are exhilarated by reading what was evidently written in high spirits and who are soothed by obvious reflections on trivial events will assuredly be pleased with this little volume.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. D'HAUSSONVILLE, better known perhaps to readers before the recent death of his distinguished father, has supported the reputation of his family for sober and intelligent handling of politics and economics in his volume on *Poverty and its Cure* (1). It deals, as may be supposed, with the questions of State asylums and casual wards, of wages, of savings banks, of the organization of private charity, and so forth. The worst of it is, of course, that it is much easier to collect statistics, compare experience, and criticize methods than to hit on a specific for the disease. M. d'Haussonville has, at least, in his favour a study of the facts not merely in France, but in England and America, and a judgment which is not warped by his evident interest in his subject.

The beautiful series of modern novels which M. Quantin started a short time ago has received an addition in *Mauprat* (2), a charming story suited to all readers, though we did once hear of an enraged matron who confused it with a certain famous book of Gautier's, and accordingly denounced a guiltless person who had lent it to her daughter. But *Mauprat* itself needs no praise; the manner of its presentation perhaps does. If not exactly cheap (they cost just a sovereign apiece), the volumes of the series, with their admirable etchings, their perfect print and paper, and their unusual but comely shape (they call it in France *petit in-4 Anglais*; we should call it a rather broad demy octavo), are what the advertisers call "good value" for the money and very charming possessions in themselves.

The faithful M. Reinach has not yet done with his great master. After publishing his "Speeches" in divers short tomes, he has now got to his "Despatches" (3)—the proclamations, circulars, &c., which Gambetta issued during his dictatorship at Tours and Bordeaux. Such a book will, of course, be of considerable use to historians.

The collection of newspaper letters (4) on political affairs in France, called *Nos fautes*, during the last five or six years is distinguished by honesty and plain-speaking. There is only one thing to be said against it, and that is that the "Republican," as indeed his title implies, nowhere fully and frankly faces the question, Are not these faults inherent in the Republican form of government when it is exposed to such trials as France has endured?

(1) *Misère et remèdes.* Par le Comte d'Haussonville. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(2) *Mauprat.* Par George Sand. Paris: Quantin.

(3) *Dépêches, etc., de Léon Gambetta.* Publié par J. Reinach. Tome 1. Paris: Charpentier.

(4) *Nos fautes: lettres de province.* Par un Républicain. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

The sufferings of M. Henri des Houx, editor of the very Roman *Journal de Rome* (5), his alternations between the Scylla of lay persecution and the Charybdis of Papal cold-shouldering, with his final retreat from the unequal combat, have made some noise in the newspapers. We cannot discuss them here, but may take occasion to recommend M. des Houx's account of them as readable and varied.

M. Boré's translation of Goethe's sufficiently famous poem is fluent and faithful. To say anything in favour of *Hermann und Dorothea* (6) is quite superfluous; to hint more strongly than has been done by the word "sufficiently" that there are perhaps other works of genius in the world deserving of some of its note would shock many excellent people and shall not be done.

M. Dantén (7) is a more moral man than Lucretius. We do not think that he is quite so great a man of letters or quite so great a thinker.

Of the four reading-books (8, 9, 10, 11) before us, the first and the last are intended for moderately advanced children, *Mon oncle et moi* and *Le caniche blanc* for beginners. Xavier de Maistre's delightful tales require no praise; the others deserve some for the mechanical but not unimportant advantage of being very small and cheap books which may be subjected without compunction to the destruction with which extreme youth revenges its sufferings on their instruments in book shape.

Of the book which we have rather unequally yoked with the *dernier de M. Zola* (12, 13) we need mention no more than the name, as we purpose noticing the English translation which is appearing. As for *L'œuvre* itself, its beginning raises expectations which are unfortunately not fulfilled. The opening situation, though not very novel in itself (the chance foregathering of an artist and a friendless and modest girl from the country), is treated with a freshness, a vigour, and even a delicacy which, as in *L'attaque du moulin* and some of the *Contes à Ninon*, show what M. Zola might have done if a wrong theory and a pigheaded contempt of criticism had not led him into the wilderness. Afterwards all or nearly all goes wrong in every sense, and the pathos of Claude Lantier's hopeless struggles, not merely for artistic success, but for artistic accomplishment that shall satisfy himself, the greater pathos of his mistress and wife Christine's devotion to the insane lover and husband for whom she is a thousand times too good, are drowned in the flood or mud of M. Zola's elaborate unsavouriness. The theme of the passionate devotion to art of the unsuccessful artist was treated with fifty times more art in *Les buveurs d'eau* when, or before, M. Zola was a little boy—probably a dirty little boy—at school; and the whole book contrasts, except in painful working out, most unfavourably with Murger's work. The sketches of the novelist Sandoz—M. Zola himself, painted with a vivid appreciation of his merits—are the most amusing, and in every sense the pleasantest, part of the volume.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

M. R. LUCY continues his *Diary of Two Parliaments* (Cassell) with a volume on "The Gladstone Parliament of 1880-85." It describes in an amusing but perfectly impartial manner the extraordinary series of blunders and miscalculations, of displays of obstinacy and petulance, of alternate arrogance and feebleness, by which Mr. Gladstone contrived to whittle away the largest majority wielded by any Minister of our time. The book, but for the intense melancholy of the subject, would be bright and entertaining; it contains many excellent anecdotes.

The Greek Islands, and Turkey after the War (Sampson Low), by Henry M. Field, D.D., is an American book of Oriental travel. The war referred to is the Balkan campaign in the winter of 1877-8. There is a great deal of well-worn narrative about Mr. Schuyler, the Bulgarian atrocities, the Shipka Pass, the siege of Plevna, and peaceful travels among hated Turks, together with some very one-sided criticism. According to Dr. Field, the death of General Gordon—whose name, by the way, is dragged into a footnote—rests with Lord Wolseley, not with Sir C. Wilson; it does not seem to occur to him that it rests with neither, but with some one nearer home whom he does not mention.

Days and Nights of Service (Murray) is an interesting narrative, by Major de Cosson, of the doings and sufferings of Sir Gerald Graham's field force at Suakin in 1885. It is carefully and impartially written, but brings out clearly the writer's opinion that the expedition was mismanaged at home, that the best point of attack would have been by way of Suakin, that the reinforcements only should have gone up the Nile, and that the Ministry at home, finding themselves forced to do something, took care it

(5) *Souvenirs d'un journaliste français à Rome*. Par H. des Houx. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(6) *Hermann et Dorothea*. Traduit par Léon Boré. Paris: Perrin.

(7) *De la nature des choses*. Par A. Dantén. Paris: Chérié.

(8) *Enault—Le chien du capitaine*. Par H. Bœuf. Paris and London: Hachette.

(9) *Girardin—Mon oncle et moi*. Par D. Devaux. Paris and London: Hachette.

(10) *Colomb—Le caniche blanc*. Par V. J. T. Spiers. Paris and London: Hachette.

(11) *X. de Maistre—Lépreux. Prisonniers du Caserne*. Par L. Delbos. London: Williams & Norgate.

(12) *L'œuvre*. Par Emile Zola. Paris: Charpentier.

(13) *Le Vaubrast*. Par Mme. Craven. Paris: Perrin.

should be as little as possible. He does not, of course, say this; but it comes out on every page of his modest and straightforward narrative. There are a few good illustrations from sketches, but there is great want of an index or even an adequate table of contents.

Life and Society in Eastern Europe (Sampson Low), by Mr. William James Tucker, is a large volume of over four hundred pages, but easily read through, as the type is clear and the matter amusing. The style is light and familiar, almost boyish; but Transylvania is a country few people know much about, and Mr. Tucker endeavours, not unsuccessfully, to delineate the customs, habits, appearance, dress, and opinions of its various heterogeneous races. He describes himself as "an English linguist."

Mr. Maguire, of Trinity College, Dublin, who enjoys the distinction of being the first Romanian to have obtained a Fellowship there, has published his first series of *Lectures on Philosophy* (Kegan Paul). They are intended for students, and are grounded, we read in the preface, "on the fact familiar to any one that understands Plato or Hegel"—but we pause to ask, "Who understands Plato or Hegel?" and the familiar fact escapes us before we find the "universal negative" involved in the answer. Some readers may like *Lectures on Philosophy*, and may understand Mr. Maguire as well as Plato and Hegel. The same readers may also like Mr. Lloyd Morgan's *Springs of Conduct* (Kegan Paul), an essay in evolution. The object of the book, which is solid and scholarly, is to provide "such of the general public as have the appetite and digestion for this kind of mental food-stuff with some account of the teachings of the modern philosophy of evolution in the matter of science and conduct." Allowing that such people exist, and, having the power, have also the desire to study this aspect of evolution, Mr. Morgan's evidently sincere wish to influence "conduct" will have its reward. Dr. Maudsley also writes on the mind, considered rather from the medical point of view, as might be expected. His book is entitled *Natural Causes and Supernatural Seemings* (Kegan Paul), and traces our ideas of the supernatural to two sources—the operations of the sound mind in error or imagination, and the hallucinations of the unsound mind. While we dissent from some of his opinions, we must allow that there is power in his arguments, and that his case is always admirably stated, and full of a painful and real interest. The chapter on religion is most moderate, and, to our thinking, sound, especially as written by a medical man. We have also received three numbers of the *Philosophic Series*, published by Messrs. T. & T. Clark. They comprise Dr. McCosh's views on Locke and Berkeley, the agnosticism of Hume and Huxley, and the philosophy of Herbert Spencer, "as culminated in his ethics."

Burma, after the Conquest (Sampson Low) is viewed by the author, Mr. Grattan Geary, the editor of the *Bombay Gazette*, somewhat unfavourably. He seems convinced that the cost will be greater than we expect before the country is settled, and that there will be a decrease in revenue when we introduce Free-trade, as the Americans will undersell us in one of Theebaw's chief sources of income, mineral oil; and the destruction of the forests has already begun to affect the rainfall. Mr. Geary's book is of the "newspaper correspondent" kind, and the style fluent; but the type and paper, which are from Bombay, execrable.

A cheap and handy edition of Thoreau's *Walden* (Scott) will be welcomed. There is prefixed an appreciative biographical notice of this strange Arcadian, the friend of Emerson, and of the hero of Harper's Ferry, the delightful "chronicler of small beer" in nature among beasts and woods, and the eloquent, but solitary, essayist.

Mr. Goschen's *Political Speeches* (Edinburgh: Elliot), delivered during the general election of 1885, will be found useful in a collected form, but there is very little in them on the question of the hour. Any one who asserts that Home Rule was before the constituencies at the last election should read this handy and well-edited volume.

An edition of Mr. John Morley's essay *On Compromise* (Macmillan) appears with 1886 at the foot of the title-page, and 1877 at the foot of the preface.

The *Directory of Second-hand Booksellers*, edited and published by Mr. Arthur Gyles, Nottingham, should be useful to collectors and in the trade.

Sir Roper Lethbridge and Mr. Wollaston have prepared a new edition of Thornton's *Gazetteer of India* (Allen). We have also received the eleventh annual edition of the *Classified Directory to the Metropolitan Charities* (Longmans); the *Report of the Commissioner of Education in the United States of America*, for 1883-4; *Unicode* (Cassell), a universal telegraphic Phrase-Book; Mr. Abbott's translation of *Kant's Introduction to Logic* (Longmans); the second volume of Rosmini's *Psychology* (Kegan Paul); Mr. Cumming's *Electricity treated Experimentally* (Rivingtons); Shelley's *Review of Hog's Memoirs of Prince Alexy Haimatoff* (Reeves & Turner), a reprint; Scott's *Marmion* (Rivingtons), edited by Mr. F. S. Arnold, and four volumes of the "Avon Edition" of *Shakespeare's Works* (Kegan Paul), small but clear, in good type on thin paper.

Mr. Upcott Gill is publishing in numbers new editions of Mr. James Long's *Poultry for Prizes and Profit*, Mr. J. G. Lyell's *Fancy Pigeons*, and Mr. Pegler's *Book of the Goat*, and is also issuing a treatise on *British Cage Birds*, by Mr. R. L. Wallace. All these books are illustrated with good coloured plates.

